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[ONE PENNY.]

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

The missing despatches have at last arrived—we are unable to give in an extended form the text of Sir Robert Napier's admirable documents—and again the public are in full possession of all the facts of the triumphal war. We give some extracts, however.

"I had not overlooked the probability of the unstable Abyssinian people despising the small postal detachments, and the pacific demeanour of our troops, but the various difficulties of our transport, and scarcity of our supplies, kept me without sufficient troops to make the posts of communication as strong as the circumstances required. Each day, however, was bringing forward some accession of strength, and in the meantime I had endeavoured by liberality, and every means of conciliation, to engage the petty chiefs between Antalo and the Tacassie River, to maintain their friendly assistance in forwarding native convoys of supplies. It was the only course that gave chance of success; unfortunately it succeeded but partially.

"On the 2nd I deputed Brigadier General Merewether to the Tacassie, to arrange with the chiefs there to bring in supplies of flour.

"Major Grant was directed to return to Lat, and Captain Moore to Lake Ashangie, to remove obstructions which had arisen at those places. Captain Speedy and Mr. Munzinger proceeded, the former to Daount, the latter to the borders of Dalanta, that had been ravaged by Theodore, and through

the exertions of these officers I was enabled to feed my cattle, and to obtain flour enough for eleven days' supply, at 80z. for each soldier. The native followers received wheat in the grain instead of flour.

"Relying on the admirable spirit of my force, I was prepared to commit myself against Magdala with these means.

"It is difficult to give by description alone a sufficient idea of the formidable position which we were about to assail. The fortress of Magdala is about twelve miles from the right bank of the Bashilo, but the great altitude and the purity of the atmosphere exhibited the whole outline distinctly."

ACTION OF THE 10TH APRIL.

"Almost simultaneously with the opening of the enemy's artillery, a large force was seen pouring down from Islamgie and the sides of Fahla, descending at speed the steep road and the faces of the mountains, until they filled the whole plain of Arogie.

"Many of the enemy were dressed in red, and almost bore the appearance of our own troops in the distance. About 500, principally chiefs, were mounted.

"The Naval Brigade hastened up the road to Affigo, and as each rocket tube came into position it opened on the advancing masses of the enemy, who were startled, checked, and driven back at some points, but only to press forward at others.

"I directed Sir Charles Staveley to bring forward the remaining infantry, which by this time had closed up, to repel the attack.

"The 4th K. O. Regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Cameron,

closely followed by Beville's Beloochees and the Royal Engineers, commanded by Major Pritchard, and the Bombay Sappers, under Captain M'Donnell, R.E., descended rapidly the steep path leading down to the Arogie Plain, with unrestrained expressions of delight at having, at last, their enemy before them.

"Opening into skirmishing order they ascended a suitable slope which separated them from the plain of Arogie, and immediately came in contact with the enemy, drove them back, in spite of the efforts of their leaders, in masses, on which the fire of the Snider told with terrible effect.

"Several gallant attempts were made by the Abyssinians to rally, but many of their chiefs fell, and they were driven down the slopes of Arogie, towards the ravines on our left front. Large numbers were seen to fall from the admirably directed fire of the mountain guns.

"Theodore's troops had advanced with the full confidence of men accustomed to victory; they had cast themselves off from their vantage ground, to which there was no return.

"They had been promised by Theodore that they should be enriched by the spoils of the English, and it was not without a stout resistance that they were finally driven off the field.

"A heavy rain continued during the greater part of the action. The troops, thoroughly wet and tired, but highly elated with their victory, bivouacked for the night, covering the road to Arogie Pass, and before daylight had re-occupied their commanding position on Affigo, from which they had descended to meet the enemy.



THE HAYFIELD.

"The wounded were promptly attended to under the direction of Dr. Currie, C.B., inspector general of hospitals. Many wounded Abyssinians were also carried off the field by our troops, and were carefully attended to in our hospitals."

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Earl Stanhope directed attention to the report of the Public Schools Commission of 1864, with a view to the adoption of some further measure beyond the bill now pending in Parliament. The noble Earl urged that it was desirable to continue classical studies as the foundation of the system of education at public schools; but that with these should be combined mathematics, modern languages, natural science, modern history, geography, and other branches of learning. Both the universities and public schools were anxious for a change, but each was waiting for the other to initiate it; and he recommended that a new commission should be appointed, consisting solely of the governing and teaching bodies of the two universities and of the public schools, for the purpose of devising some practical method of overcoming the difficulties which now existed. After some remarks from the Earl of Clarendon, the Duke of Marlborough, considering that the subject was undergoing inquiry by a select committee of the House of Commons, thought it would be more convenient to defer its discussion for the present. The schools should not be pressed too far, and he urged that no further steps should be taken by their Lordships until the Commons had finally disposed of the bill before it. After a few words from Lord Lyttelton the subject dropped. The County Courts Admiralty Jurisdiction Bill was read a second time, with the assent of the Lord Chancellor, who gave notice, however, that in Committee he should propose several amendments.

At the sitting of the House of Lords on Tuesday, Earl Stanhope laid upon the table the report of the Select Committee on Ecclesiastical Titles in Great Britain and Ireland, accompanied by the minutes of evidence. The Poor Relief Bill was discussed at some length in Committee, and the Salmon Fisheries Bill was read a second time. And at seven o'clock their Lordships adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli, being questioned by Mr. Layard as to when the vote of thanks is to be moved to Sir Robert Napier and the Abyssinian army, was unable to announce the receipt of all the despatches. That which related to the services of individuals, and which was so material, was still missing. Replying to various inquiries, Mr. Disraeli expressed his intention to take the Metropolitan Cattle Market Bill on Thursday, and his readiness to let the Revenue Officers Disabilities Removal Bill stand as the first order on Friday. In answer to Mr. Childers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said he proposed taking the Electric Telegraphs Bill as the first order on Thursday. Mr. Disraeli with a view to promoting the dispatch of business, then moved that on Tuesday, the 7th of July, and every succeeding Tuesday during the remainder of the session, orders of the day should have precedence of motions, reserving to Ministers the right of placing Government orders at the head of the list. His primary object was to carry the three supplementary Reform Bills. Of these the Boundary Bill and the Scotch Reform Bill might be regarded as virtually settled; and as soon as the Irish Bill was in the same position he should be able to take a review of the state of business. Under these circumstances he would defer saying anything on the subject of the Corrupt Practices Bill, or about having recourse to a morning sitting for dealing with it at the present moment. After some observations by Mr. Gladstone, the motion was agreed to, as was also a further proposal that the House should meet at two o'clock to consider the Public Schools Bill. On the order for committing the Irish Reform Bill, Mr. Sandford condemned the re-distribution portion of the measure. Complaining that it did not disfranchise the smallest and most insignificant boroughs, he pronounced the scheme unsatisfactory to all parties, and recommended that the measure should be converted into a simple franchise bill, leaving the question of redistribution to be dealt with in a future session. This view of the matter was supported by Mr. Henley, on the ground that in its shape the bill would provoke much dispute, and interpose considerable delay in bringing the session to a close. In the course of a short discussion which succeeded, and in which Mr. Gregory, Sir H. Bruce, Mr. Lawson, Mr. H. Baillie, and other members took part, the redistribution scheme was generally condemned as defective; but after Mr. Disraeli had promised that the arguments adduced against it should receive respectful consideration, and observed that nothing had been urged to render necessary a departure from the course proposed of considering the clauses in committee, the Speaker left the chair, and the bill was committed. Having speedily reached the third clause fixing the borough franchise at a £4 rating, Mr. Lawson objected that as the clause was worded, it enfranchised only persons who were rated at "more than £4," and moved an amendment accordingly. The motion was opposed by the Government, and on a division was negatived by 188 to 177. Subsequently the three clauses relating to redistribution were postponed. To the clause prohibiting the payment of the expense of conveying voters, Mr. Morris moved an amendment, excepting the county of the town of Galway, which led to a division, and the adoption of the amendment by 134 to 86. The several boroughs of Carrickfergus, Cork, and Limerick were also admitted as exceptions. Proposals to exempt the City of Cork, Drogheda, Kilkenny, and Waterford from the operation of the clause were negatived. The remaining clauses of the bill with the exception of those postponed at an earlier period of the evening, were then agreed to, and the Chairman reported progress of the Electric Telegraphs Bill.

The House of Commons met at two o'clock on Tuesday for the purpose of considering the Public Schools Bill, which was set down for committee. Prior to doing so, however, Mr. Selater-Booth stated, in answer to an inquiry of Mr. Leeman, that the Government intended taking the Electric Telegraphs Bill as the second order on Wednesday. Mr. Neate then moved to refer the Public Schools Bill back to the select committee for the insertion of clauses conferring upon the new governing bodies and the commissioners to be appointed under the bill the power of dealing with the constitution and revenues of Eton and Winchester Colleges. In its present shape he regarded the bill as calculated to raise very nice and difficult questions of law. It professed to be founded upon the report of the Royal Commission, but in his opinion it was framed rather with the view of evading and escaping from the recommendations of the commissioners, inasmuch as the colleges of Eton and Winchester were exempted from its operation. After a rather long debate, in which Mr. Mowbray, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. G. Schen, Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Lowe, and Sir S. Northcote took part, the amendment was withdrawn, and the House went into committee. On reaching Clause 3 Mr. Lowe moved an amendment, giving the commissioners under the bill the power of appointing the governing bodies. The proposal was resisted by Sir S. Northcote, who defended the right of the existing trustees to have a voice in the appointment of their successors. A division having been taken, the amendment was negatived by 162 to 69. On the 6th clause, Mr. Walpole suggested that as it raised an important question, and only a few minutes of the sitting remained unexpired, it would be desirable to report progress, which was accordingly done, and the Chairman obtained leave to sit again. The House re-assembled at nine o'clock, and took up the business on the paper for the evening sitting.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Queen held a council at Windsor Castle yesterday. The health of the Duke de Brabant continues to improve sensibly. His physicians announce that the malady is regularly decreasing, and that every day the Prince is getting better. The physician attending Count Bismarck considers him to be suffering from great overtaxation of the nervous system. Absolute retirement and quiet is necessary for his restoration to health. He has recovered from the attack of pleurisy, but will be compelled to abstain altogether from participation in public affairs.

THE Crown Prince of Denmark, with the Prince of Wales, will visit Oxford on Wednesday, when the degree J.D.C.L., was formally conferred on the former at the theatre. Their Royal Highnesses were the guests of the Dean of Christ Church. Great preparations were made for the Royal visit.

THE Count and Countess of Flanders, who went to Paris for the races of last Sunday, have prolonged their sojourn for their amusement, going about unattended like Darby and Joan. They were entertained on Sunday by the Princess Mathilde at a grand dinner at her Saint Germain country house.

THE Crown Princess of Prussia, responding to the sympathies evinced by the Berlin public on the attempt made on her brother's life, has caused a letter from Mr. Arthur B. Haig to be printed in the *Spenerische Zeitung*. It is dated Sydney, March 27, and contains accurate details of the deplorable event.

PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, and commander of the Hessian troops, is on leave for some time to reside in England. During his absence the command of the troops will be given to a Prussian general. The Prince and Princess of Hesse are at Windsor Castle, and will spend some days with Her Majesty.

HER MAJESTY the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, left Balmoral on Tuesday and arrived at Windsor Castle on Wednesday. The Queen will reside at Windsor Castle for a few weeks, and then visit Osborne. It is understood that Her Majesty the Queen will go to Germany this autumn.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a levee at St. James's Palace, on behalf of Her Majesty, on Friday, the 26th inst., at two o'clock. It is the Queen's pleasure that presentations to His Royal Highness at this levee shall be considered as equivalent to presentations to Her Majesty. This levee will be the last held during the present season.

THE private subscription ball given at St. James's Hall, for the benefit of the funds of the 2nd City of London Royal Volunteer Corps, proved a very great success. But the fault of St. James's Hall as a ball-room is, that the floor being marquetrie, there is no length of beam nor spring in it, but even this difficulty was soon forgotten. The Artillery band played well.

THE marriage contract between T.R.H. the Count of Caserta, and the Princess Maria Antonietta, of Trapani, was signed with due formality at the residence of the Count and Countess of Trapani, in Rome. The dowry of the Princess is derived from a legacy of her aunt, the Countess of Montemolino, and amounts to 500,000fr., besides valuable sets of jewellery and a *trousseau* valued at 100,000fr. The Count of Caserta's income is only 100,000fr. a year, exclusive of his claims on the private fortune of his late father, Ferdinand II. of Naples.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is reported to have antithetically described his colonial experience thus:—"At Adelaide they stole my jewels, at Melbourne my character, and at Sydney they would have taken my life." The correspondent of the *Times* says:—"I have reason to think that this phrase has been manufactured for him; but were it really his, it affords only a fresh instance of the temptation encountered by those who aim at effective contrasts to sacrifice truth for force. It is true that his jewels were stolen at Adelaide, that his character was ruthlessly maligned at Melbourne, and that his life was attempted here; but he would still be the last man to class the people of these colonies as a lot of thieves, back-biters, and assassins in consequence. He has too good a knowledge of us; we have too strong a faith in him."

ALTHOUGH everybody seems inclined to consider this a dull season, still there are plenty of parties going on among the *crème de la crème* of society, as may be proved by turning to the fashionable intelligence published in the morning papers; and there is plenty of gaiety too in the next strata of the social world—among the plutocracy as well as the aristocracy. Westbourne, and the more distant side of Hyde-park, is in much the same state of pleasurable bustle and excitement as Belgrave and South Kensington. Wherever you go just now, as soon as dinner time arrives carriages are to be seen darting about in all directions, depositing their inmates here and there, ready prepared to do full justice to the hospitality of their hosts and hostesses. The familiar striped awnings cover many an entrance, round which crowds assemble nightly to catch that momentary glimpse of the guests which their transit across the pavement affords; and all the other well-known signs which betoken the height of the season are visible enough on all sides now. The principal private parties of late have been a bery of political receptions on Saturday, when Lady Jersey, Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, and Mrs. Gathorne Hardy, entertained their friends and adherents. A good many public balls are on the tapis at present. A ball in aid of the French Benevolent Society, under the patronage of the Countess de Paris, Duchesse de Chartres, Princesse de Joinville, Duchesse d'Angoulême, and Princess Teck, is announced to take place at Willis's Rooms on June 29.

HOME TEACHING FOR THE BLIND.—On Monday the anniversary meeting of the society for this object, in connection with which is the Alexandra Institute for training and employing the blind, was held at Willis's Rooms; Colonel Rowlandson occupied the chair. A somewhat novel feature at these meetings, and one that by no means detracts from their interest, is that the majority of the audience are those whose afflictions and necessities have brought them within the scope of the society's operations, the "visitors" being confined to the centre seats; and amongst them were obviously many of the relatives and personal friends of those who had been benefited by one or other of the affiliated societies. The object of the Home Teaching Society is to teach the blind to read by means of an ingenious system of raised letters, the form of which can be felt with the fingers. It also provides free lending libraries of books printed in this raised type.

THE GAME LAWS.—We recently saw in a field of wheat adjoining the park and grounds of a Cheshire landowner a perfect swarm of rabbits—so that the whole surface was alive when they were disturbed—and so that for 60 or 70 yards into the field the wheat, nearly coming into ear elsewhere, was eaten down, to the certain destruction of the crop. To demand a rent in such a case seemed to us at the time a great injustice; but it now appears that a tenant having taken a lease of land by which the game is reserved to the landlord, has no claim even for the amount of damage done in such a case.—*The Gardener's Chronicle*.

STOLEN LIONS.—Two young American lions (male and female), which belonged to the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, were landed at Calais last week from London. The story of these lions is that they were stolen after Maximilian's execution and sent to London to be sold. Victor Emmanuel has bought them for the Turin menagerie, and they are passing through France under the care of one of his valets.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

1,200 tons of new potatoes from the Channel Islands and France were imported into Southampton last week.

THE New Forest races will take place at Lyndhurst on the 29th inst.

A COIN of the Roman Emperor Publius Lucinius Gallienus was found in Winchester last week. It was in good preservation.

THE Dean of Westminster has consented to preside at the Anniversary Festival of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, to be held on the 7th of July.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE'S Married Women's Property Bill was discussed in the House of Commons on Wednesday, and its second reading carried by the Speaker's casting vote.

At the Public-office, Birmingham, a married woman named Harriett Curtis has been brought up, on remand, on the charge of having mutilated her husband in a most shocking manner while he was in bed. She was committed for trial at the assizes. Jealousy led to the perpetration of the atrocious outrage.

THE Liberal journals in the north of Ireland evidently fear the dreaded month of July will not pass over quietly. The *Northern Whig* complains that the Orangemen in the neighbourhood of Coleraine have begun to march about in the evenings, playing fife and drums. In one instance, a "lodge" carried an orange and purple flag.

OWING to some accidents at practice, the Snider cartridges are (says the *Army and Navy Gazette*) in a state of non-user. Whether the whole are to be condemned or not does not appear, but orders have been issued to suspend the further firing. The rather "platitudinous" declaration of Sir John Pakington, that no pains would be spared to provide the British soldier with the best possible cartridge, does not seem to have borne fruit as yet.

SOME changes are about to be made in the uniform of the infantry of the line. The present undress cap will be replaced by a Glengarry, with the regimental distinction on the left side—a change, the *Army and Navy Gazette* ventures to think, of questionable taste. The shell jacket is to be abolished, a Karkee tunic made after the fashion of a Norfolk jacket being substituted. The number of buttons on this and the ordinary tunic will be reduced by 10, viz., 4 on the skirts and three on each arm, from which the present slashing is also to be wiped away.

REPORTS from the more northern counties, including Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, and the North Riding of Yorkshire, speak generally of the evil effects of drought marring the cheering prospects with regard to the crops which were so noticeable a week or two since. In the corn markets the prices are again advancing. Up to Saturday there had been scarcely any rain for three weeks or a month, except an occasional local shower. The grass crop, which promised to be a very heavy one, has, where cut, not come up to expectation, and in many cases, where not very forward, the growth has been checked and the crop looks thin. Wheat, which came up well, has still a good appearance, but a prolongation of the drought will prematurely develop the ear, and the plant will be short in the stem, the accompaniments of a light crop. The worst effects are seen in the new spring sown crops, which a month ago were very forward, but have now received a severe check, from which only early and copious rain can recover them. Many parts of these counties are noted grazing districts, and the turnip crop is therefore a matter of great moment for the feeding of cattle. This root threatens to be a complete failure, in many instances the ravages of the fly having been very destructive. The fruit crop will be deficient, occasioned by a severe frost a month since.

GUNNERY EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBOURNE.—On Tuesday a very large party of gentlemen left Fenchurch-street station and proceeded by special train to Southend, in order to take part in the important experiments at Shoeboorne. Nearly 300 travelled by the special, and among the party were the Duke of Cambridge, the heads of the War Department, the Admiralty, several members of both Houses of Parliament, and a number of naval and military authorities, engineers, and other scientific personages. The train reached Southend in about an hour, and the large party were then conveyed to Shoeboorne. The experiments were commenced at noon, and the most interesting and important were those brought to bear on Plymouth breakwater fort section target. The trial more than succeeded. Five shots from the Rodman and 12-inch Woolwich gun were fired at the armour where it was strengthened by an additional 5-inch plate, making in all 20 inches of iron, and three at the original 15-inch portion at 200 yards, with full battering charges. All the shots save the last struck the face of the target in front of vertical supports at the rear, making the mass of iron hit by the projectiles 32 inches and 27 inches respectively in actual thickness, without producing much effect; but the last shot hit the shield between the supports, and its point penetrated two inches beyond the inside face, the wall of the target being fissured by five large open cracks of 20 inches in length.

VELOCIPEDES.—Velocipedes seem to be much in vogue at the present time, and the amusement is not confined to the younger members of the Cambridge University. We do not know whether a Velocipede Club is about to be established, but we rather think such is the case, for every evening along the Trumpington-road may be seen many practising with a will. Recently we were amused at the serious manner and great speed attained by a Fellow of Trinity in one of these machines, who, with the perspiration profusely pouring down his face, was making the best of his way back to Alma Mater. The day, perhaps, is not far distant when, as foreshadowed by Mr. Pipa in his "Diary," the proctors may take to this conveyance in order the better to overtake and apprehend delinquents.

THE MEMORIAL TO MR. CORDEN.—The statue to the memory of the late Mr. Corden has been lifted to its pedestal on the site granted by the Vestry of St. Pancras, at the entrance to Camden-town. It stands nearly nine feet in height, upon a pedestal of some 15 or 16 feet, and has been cut out of a solid block of fine Sicilian marble of seven tons. The figure itself weighs nearly three tons. Messrs. Wills, of the Euston-road, are the sculptors, and the funds for its erection, although not yet sufficient to defray its entire cost, had been provided by public subscription, chiefly local, but three members of Parliament having contributed, Mr. Harvey Lewis, Sir Francis Crossley, and Mr. William Ewart. The committee meet on Tuesday next at St. Pancras Vestry Hall to fix a day for the inauguration of the statue, to determine the character of the ceremony, and who shall be invited to take the prominent part therein.

PARAFFIN LAMPS AND GOOSEBERRY TARTS AT CAMBRIDGE.—A Cambridge contemporary thinks the much-vaunted charge that is being brought against the university, that its mathematical teaching does not assume a practical form, promises to be repudiated, judging from the following question which was set lately to the freshmen in Trinity College:—"Four freshmen were charged last week with breaking paraffin lamps. The chance that a freshman so doing will be caught is one-twentieth, which chance is diminished by one-hundredth if he go in a cab. What is the chance (1) that all four individuals went in cabs? (2) that two rode and two walked?" The following question, also, set at the same college, embodies valuable culinary suggestions:—"If in the May Term fresh gooseberries are worth three times as much as bottle ones, what per centage does a cook gain on the fruit of a tart by mixing the two in proportions of 3 to 1, his profit on fresh gooseberries being 50 per cent?"

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE Munich journals state that the Bavarian Government (huge power!) having learned that French and Prussian agents were making large purchases of horses and mules, has forbidden all exportation of those animals.

A BILLIARD-PLAYER named Mangin, a rival of Berger and Payan, made at Paris on the 5th, 128 cannons without stopping; on the 7th, at Orsay, 120; and on the 9th, at Sceaux, 144, all the tables being unknown to him.

BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, of Frankfurt, has determined to remove his banking establishment from that city to Berlin. There can be no stronger evidence than this of the rising power of North Germany (Prussia) and the coming fall of all the small German States.

The French Minister of War has given directions that the light cavalry should be trained to swim their horses across rivers. The training is to take place for the garrison of Paris in the Marne, close to Vincennes. The river is rather swift, not wide, but very deep.

The *Patris* says that Prince Napoleon, who, it is known, has prolonged his sojourn in Vienna far beyond the time fixed in his programme, will put off his visit to Constantinople, and is coming back to Paris directly. The assassination of Prince Michael has very possibly altered the Prince's arrangements.

THE Mont Cenis Railway is now open for passengers. There are two trains daily each way; one express, and the other ordinary. The duration of the journey, at present ten hours by the Messageries Impériales, is reduced to five. From Paris to Turin the journey will occupy only 24 hours.

M. LEON MIREX, a writer in the *Courrier Français*, and a nephew of the well-known speculator, but also a private soldier who has not yet obtained his discharge, has been arrested whilst in bed by a military guard and taken to a military prison to undergo a sentence of imprisonment pronounced against him by a civil tribunal, for one of his letters about Mexico.

THE Austrian Emperor, desirous of remunerating the barristers who undertook the perilous duty of defending his brother Maximilian, offered each of these gentlemen a large sum of money, which they steadily refused. The Emperor has, therefore, sent to each a magnificent service of plate of the value of 50,000 florins; and to the priest who accompanied the captive to the place of execution a jewelled cross of equal value.

In a paper sent to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the artificial production of black, colourless, and coloured diamonds, M. Saix says if a current of chlorine be made to pass through cast-iron, when in a state of fusion, per-chloride of iron is formed, which disappears by evaporation, leaving the carbon of metal at liberty, in a crystallised state. M. Saix does not say whether he has tried the experiment himself.

THE Marquis de Salamanca has several palaces, castles, and other residences, but one amongst the latter is about a quarter of a mile from Madrid, between the Porta di Toledo and Carabanchel, and is named Vista Alegre. Last week fourteen men, armed to the teeth, entered the house, carried off £4,000 in gold, and, probably to sanctify their proceedings, walked away with a silver statue of the Virgin, wearing a crown of gold, besides two Christs in silver, plateau, candelabra, and precious stones set and unset.

A MME. GRAVIS, living in the civil hospice of Calis, has just completed her 100th year. A great number of persons of the town came to see her on the occasion, and she replied to all with great animation. The day after the clergy came to conduct her in procession to the chapel of the establishment to be present at a solemn mass. In the evening a dinner was given by public subscription to the old persons of the hospice, and at the dessert, Mme. Gravis, on her health being drunk, rose, glass in hand, and returned thanks in excellent language for the interest shown her.

THE Vienna correspondent of *La Liberté* writes:—Prince Napoleon is in constant communication with Baron Beust, whom he considers the representative of the German nationality of Austria, with Count Andrássy, in whom he sees the representative of the Hungarian element, and with Count Potocki as representative of the Polish fraction. He has expressed his desire to see Generals von Gablenz and Rammung; and it is said that they will meet him, if they have not already met him, in Pesth. Much agitation exists in the Polish circles of Vienna.

THE *Liberté* says that Prince Napoleon has announced to his friends at Vienna that he means to write a pamphlet containing "revelations and curious observations" on the state of Austria. In this work he intends frankly to abjure many erroneous opinions he had formed about Austria before he had an opportunity of judging for himself. False news is punishable in France, and therefore an assertion, however improbable, made by a journal whose editor is a personal friend of the Prince, cannot be absolutely rejected as unworthy of notice.

An eye witness gives the following account of Prince Napoleon's visit to the arsenal of Vienna. When he arrived at the butts, the colonel in command ordered two men to shoot with the Wenzl musket at the target, 300 paces distant. The two men fired 43 balls in one minute without missing once. The Prince and the other officers of his suite were extremely surprised at this result; he had asked whether the Austrian breech-loaders could fire seven times in a minute, and he saw himself that they did three times as much.

SINCE 1860 there have been a great many duels in Italy, often for frivolous causes, and usually ending with very slight injury to the parties engaged. But an encounter of unusual fierceness has just occurred at Parma between a lieutenant of Bersaglieri and an ex-Garibaldian. The duel was to be "to the death," and commenced with pistols, but apparently the combatants were poor marksmen, for they fired four shots each without any damage being done. They then took to sabres, and the Garibaldian received seven wounds, none of them dangerous. The Bersaglieri was wounded in four places, and two of the wounds, in the head, are said to be dangerous. The duel had to be suspended. A lady is reported to have been the cause of the quarrel. Lately, at Milan, a retired officer of the army, who is now editor of a newspaper, brought a whole regiment upon his hands by some satirical remarks upon its officers. He had a series of duels, in nearly all of which he came off conqueror.

PARIS is showing signs of the close of the season, although the Senate and Legislative Chambers have much work before them. The Court is once more at Fontainebleau, and the out-of-town period has commenced. Many families have left since the Grand Prix was run for. They have gone to make themselves miserable at their country houses, the ladies scheming with their husbands how they can get off to Baden, Ems, Homburg, or some other pleasant place. The doctor will be called in and declare the family mansion in the country is injurious to madame's peculiar constitution, and that the mineral waters of Germany are absolutely necessary. The fashionable doctor in France, as elsewhere, must be a bit of a humbug. French people do not like to leave Paris; country life has no charm for them. The men take little interest in agriculture, they do not read much, and they have become indifferent to politics under the Second Empire; fishing is too slow for them, and few have fallen into the fashion of inviting a circle of friends to enliven the big old rambling castle. Many go to their country seats to economise; they will live on rabbits, fish from the pond, and thin wine, thinking about the expenses of the Paris season. The ladies of France always vote country life insupportable. Men and women are always coming up to Paris as often as they can. The men have "business" to transact, and the ladies must visit the dentist. In England, it is said gentlemen sometimes come up to London to have their hair cut during a visit to a country house.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THERE is a report that Messrs. Fechter and Felix are in treaty with Mdlle. Julia Barron for the St. James's Theatre.

MR. BENEDICT'S annual morning concert will be given at St. James's Hall, to-day (Saturday) at two o'clock. A host of celebrated artists are announced to appear.

MADAME ALBONI, Marquise de Popoli, has returned to Paris from Italy, and sang at a little soiree given by Rossini at his Passy Villa.

It is stated that Miss Nilsson gained £300 by singing at two concerts in one day. Her exertions have been more profitably crowned than those of any singer who has gone before her.

BY the way, Mdlle. Nilsson's Lucia has been a happy hit, and will compensate the subscribers for her *Cherubino*, which is the tamest of the tame so far as regards acting, and indeed the singing fell far short of that of many artists within modern memory.

It is stated that M. Offenbach will probably come to London after the French company's season, for the purpose of superintending the production of his operatic pieces at the St. James's Theatre.

OFFICIAL statistics state that during the past year no less than 122 dramatic pieces, besides 21 burlesques and pantomimes, were produced in the metropolitan theatres.

THE Théâtre Français is about to produce the "Agamemnon" of Seneca! "This," says the *Athenæum*, "is a tragedy written to be read and not acted. It is a poor Latin imitation of the nobler Greek; and filtered into French, it will be further still from the original model. The Latin choruses of this tragedy defied music. Nothing is said of a French version of them."

It is a wonder that the highly-accomplished Swedish vocalist, Mdlle. Enquist, has not found a place on the London operatic boards, on which, barring Patti, there is not her equal in brilliancy of bravura singing. In a song composed expressly for her by Depret, "Le Rossignol," her tour de force, especially in prolonged shakes, were never excelled even by the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, in her best days, and certainly surpass those essayed by the Scandinavian idol of the day, Mdlle. Nilsson.

THE beau idéal of amusement for Parisians at the present moment is to listen to good music in the open air, under leafy trees. So they stroll out in the evening, under the chestnuts of the Champs Elysées, and out into the eternal garden where the strains of M. de Besselièvre's orchestra may be heard. Just within the gates is a spot where the habitués congregate to see everyone who comes in. Last Friday the concert garden was crowded, the adjacent roads were filled with carriages, and at nine o'clock hundreds of chairs were occupied.

THE plight of Handel's MSS. in Buckingham Palace, when we were allowed to consult them to settle the Kerl quotation, "Ezrypt was glad," in "Israel," was wretched and unguarded enough; and this was in the days of the Prince Consort, who professed such high tastes for music! Any one might have abstracted any or all of them, without stop, let, or hindrance, so utterly neglected were they, in a sort of bulwer's pantry. Unless the giant's name has passed from the memory of the descendants of those whose reigns he so imperishably illustrated, it would surely be a gracious act to allow them to be cared for among our national treasures; say in the library of the British Museum.

THE morning performance in aid of the Dramatic College, brought 400l. clear profit. Apropos to this performance, when Mr. Sothorn was requested by an illustrious Prince to collect (as far as possible) the first dramatic talent in Great Britain, he cast the two leading parts to ladies who may fairly be considered as American actresses, Lady Gay Spanker was played by Mrs. Charles Mathews, Maria Darlington by Mrs. John Wood; and for thus showing what English actors and actresses can do, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to express his approbation, and still farther marked his illustrious approval by presenting Mr. Sothorn with a diamond ring.

WE have never been more painfully conscious of the folly of introducing melodramatic music when speaking is going on than during the performance of "Foul Play." It was bad enough in "No Thoroughfare," wherein many of the best effects are marred, and the best speeches are drowned, by the low muttering of the orchestra. It is nearly time that this absurd introduction should be withdrawn. During the rising of the ghost in the "Corsican Brothers," when no speech is going on, such an addition may add strength to the mystery of the scene. But if a tremulous sound were kept up during the spectral speech in "Hamlet," it would be hissed off the stage. The innovation is equally unfair on the author and on the audience.

ONE might fancy that many centuries and many nations were passing before one, so varied are the costumes which our fashionables have brought into every-day life. Louis XV. dresses move round, perched on tall red-heeled boots; there go Dolly Varden's merry ribbons and looped-up skirts; here are Spanish mantillas; bodices and striped petticoats, which remind one of Swiss chalets; and flowered skirts à la Watteau. They are now pacing to the march of Tannhauser, which is admirably executed. Mr. Levy, the English cornet player, is a great favourite at these Champs Elysées concerts, and all stop to listen as he advances with his cornet à piston, which he plays with great dexterity and sentiment. A final gallop, in which all the instruments have something to do, and the concert is at an end.—*Paris Correspondent.*

MR. JOHN KNOWLES, the popular Manchester manager has recently purchased a patent from the Paris Exhibition of immense advantage to the flour milling interest. He has paid the enormous sum of £31,000 for the principal counties in England, and it is probable that its sale will realise for that gentleman over £100,000.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM is expected to arrive in England in the latter part of October or the beginning of November, at the conclusion of his brilliant engagement in America, and brings with him two most attractive new plays. The one is called "O'Donnell's Mission," the other, "the Lottery of Life."

MR. E. T. SMITH has engaged Mr. Fairclough, a tragedian, to appear shortly at the Lyceum Theatre.

THE total sum taken at the morning performance at the Haymarket Theatre on the 5th instant was £355 4s. The expenses were only £118 10s. 1d., leaving a balance for the Dramatic College of £236 13s. 11d. Mr. Sothorn, under whose auspices the entire matter was carried out, forwarded a cheque for that amount to the master of the college.

Now that Finette has left London, we may inform the Youth of the Period that Finette was next door to forty—old enough to be the mother of most of her admirers. However, she is engaged for St. Petersburg at the enormous salary of £60 per week.

MR. PRICE, the young tragedian, goes again to Drury Lane. MR. DOMINICK MURRAY has at last tried Shakespeare—Shylock, in which, on Tuesday, he was essentially successful. Mr. Murray holds, and rightly, that Shylock is not a heavy, tragic character, and was never meant to be thus viewed.

NO. I. of *The Dramatic News* proves the paper to be one of the best anticipative theatrical journals yet produced. For the latest dramatic news, and for information concerning coming novelties, it has never been approached.

So, there will be two Grand Duchesses in the field. Do you know the difference between Mrs. Howard Paul and Madame Schneider? The Youth of the Period says, "The first is somewhat dark, and has some 'swing,' while the other is very fair, and has a deal of 'go.'"

MR. H. J. BYRON has been engaged to write a drama and a burlesque for Mr. Sefton Parry, to be produced at his new theatre, Newcastle-street, Strand; also a burlesque for Miss Fanny Josephs, for the autumn season at the Holborn.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THE second match of the season between schooners and yawls, for a prize value 100 guineas, was contested on Tuesday, from Gravesend to about half a mile above the Nore Light and back. Time for tonnage, 15 sec. per ton, but one-quarter of the tonnage of yawls to be added to their club measurement. The entries were:—

Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Cambria....	Schooner....	186	Mr. J. Ashbury
Julia	Yawl	136	Mr. G. F. Moss
Egeria	Schooner ..	143	Mr. J. Mulholland
Gloriana ..	Schooner ..	126	Mr. A. O. Wilkinson
Astare	Yawl	94	Mr. W. Battersby.

The Queen of the Thames steamer accompanied, with the members of the club and their friends. The gun was fired for the start at thirty-four minutes past eleven, wind S.E., a fine topsail breeze. The Egeria, Gloriana, and Astare all sailed well to the northward, but the Julia from some reason failing to let go her mooring, the Cambria swung foul of her, and there hung until she slipped it. The Cambria had been very smart with her canvas, but was of course delayed by this accident, and shortly afterwards hoisted a protest signal. The Astare, being the small-st boat, had everything upon her immediately, and went out first well under way, the Gloriana being a good second, and the Egeria and Julia abreast. When they tacked to the southward immediately afterwards, the Astare was first, Gloriana second, Julia and Egeria neck and neck, the latter being to windward, and covering her, directly went into the third place. It was a dead beat right down, and they all showed great skill in turning to windward. At the Lower Hope Point the Cambria, which had been till this time all astern, passed the Julia to windward. At Thames Haven the Egeria ran through the Astare's lee and took the lead, and the breeze still freshening, some slight changes were made in rig. The course to have been sailed was to the Mouse Light, but as it was found impossible to reach it, the yachts were signalled to round the Queen of the Thames within sight of the Nore Light.

It was low water before they turned, and with the flood under them and a flowing sheet, they made their way homeward, and the race ultimately concluded as follows:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Egeria.....	5 43 40	Astare.....	6 3 10
Gloriana.....	6 2 55	Julia.....	6 12 20
Cambria.....	6 3 5		

After the Egeria had come in, it was of course still uncertain for some time whether she had won, owing to the time allowance, and it was questionable whether the Astare would not win. Such, however, was not the case, and the Egeria being pronounced the winner, the Commodore presented Mr. Mulholland, her owner, with the award of victory with the usual appropriate remarks, which were duly responded to. Everything was very satisfactory, including Mr. C. Bonney's catering, and the company returned to Blackwall at an early hour. The Egeria has thus won two days running. The Albatross, Dynamene, Niobe, Phryne, Minstrel, and other yachts accompanied.

LADY ELIZABETH AND ADMIRAL ROUS.

THIS letter from Admiral Rous has drawn angry rejoinders from the Marquis of Hastings and Mr. Henry Padwick, both of whom preserve silence, however, upon the point on which the public is principally anxious to be informed. The Marquis of Hastings is very angry, at what he terms the "tissue of misrepresentations" put forward by the Admiral, and insists that, so far from being "shamefully deceived," The Earl was scratched by his noble owner's express desire and authority, and without prompting or suggestion from any one whatever. Mr. Henry Padwick makes a circumstantial historical statement of a conversation held with the Duke of Beaufort, of his faithful representations of this conversation to the Marquis of Hastings, of the "scratching" letter written to Messrs. Weatherby, and conveyed by Mr. Hill, and of the gentlemen present in Lord Hastings's room when a certain conversation took place. Mr. Padwick adds that he had neither "control over nor interest in" The Earl; that he was no party to his being scratched, and that he "had not betted a single shilling, either on or against him, for his Derby engagement."

AT a meeting of the Jockey Club held on Monday last, the stewards proposed the following resolutions:—"Whereas it is expedient that the rules of racing which prohibit defaulters for stakes and forfeits from entering or running horses should extend to defaulters for bets, and to all persons guilty of malpractices on the turf, it is resolved that no person convicted of any fraudulent practices on the turf, and no person that has been reported by the committee of the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket or at Messrs. Tattersall's as being a defaulter in bets, shall be permitted to name, enter, or run, either in his own name, or in that of any other person, any horse of which he is either wholly, or in part owner, for any race whatever." It was proposed to add the following as a rule of the Jockey Club:—"If any member of the Jockey Club, or of the New Rooms or Coffee-room at Newmarket should appear in the published Forfeit List as a defaulter, or be reported by the committee of the Subscription-rooms at Newmarket or at Messrs. Tattersall's, as being a defaulter for bets lost on horse-racing, the steward's shall cause notice to be sent to him that if his default be not cleared by a time to be stated in the said notice his name will be erased from the list of members; and if a member of any of these clubs should be convicted of fraudulent practices on the turf, he shall cease to be a member." The Earl of Zeland has given notice of his intention to move, after the words "practices on the turf," to add the words "or if any person that shall hereafter become a member of the Jockey Club shall compound with his creditors."—It was also proposed by the stewards that Rule 10 of the Jockey Club, which precludes the stewards from taking cognisance of any disputes or claims with respect to bets shall be so modified as to enable them to act when it appears to them that the interests of the turf require their interference.

THE *Sporting Life* says that the winnings of The Earl amount altogether to over £10,000. Last year he won £1,085; previous to this week he picked up £1,387; and since Sunday he has made the grand haul of £7,970—making altogether £10,442. He was originally bought by the Marquis of Hastings at the Hampton Court sale of yearlings for 450 guineas, and has thus reimbursed his purchase by nearly £10,000.

THE *Sportsman* is glad to hear that Lord Wilton, who, it was stated, had been struck with apoplexy at Ascot, is not nearly so ill as it was at first feared.

FORGING RUSSIAN NOTES.—The four men charged with forging and uttering Russian rouble notes have been again brought up at the Thames Police-court. Mr. Sleigh, on behalf of the Russian Government, withdrew the charge against one named Cohen. The examination of the other three lasted five hours, at the close of which they were once more remanded.

THE WINDSOR REVIEW.—The arrangements for the review at Windsor are now complete, and the probabilities of a most brilliant and satisfactory field-day for the Volunteers are of the most satisfactory nature.

THE LATE RAJAH BROOKE.

SIR JAMES BROOKE, K.C.B., late Rajah of Sarawak, died on Thursday week, at Barrator, in Devonshire. Probably no Englishman in the present century has had a more varied and eventful career. Sir James sprang from a family long seated in the county of Somerset, and was born in 1803. He received his education at the Norwich Grammar School, and afterwards entered the Indian Army. After some active service, during which he was seriously wounded in Burmah, he abandoned a military career, and, purchasing a yacht, sailed for Sarawak, in Borneo, in 1838, with the intention of endeavouring to put an end to piracy in the Eastern Archipelago. Having ingratiated himself with the Sultan of Borneo, he was raised to a high post in the Government, and commenced with great vigour the work of civilisation. His measures for the suppression of piracy were, however, so severe as to cause considerable outcry in England; his conduct was discussed in Parliament with much acrimony on both sides, and the question brought prominently under the attention of the Government by Mr. Hume. Eventually Sir James succeeded in completely clearing himself from the imputations which had been cast upon him. On his return to England he became the hero of the hour, and, on being created an honorary D.C.L. at Oxford, received in the Sheldonian Theatre quite an ovation. Not long after, when the island of Labuan was purchased by the British Government, he was selected as Governor, with a salary of £2,000 a year. But his strange and eventful public career was not destined to end here. After the expiration of his government at Labuan, having remained in the services of the Sultan of Borneo as Rajah of Sarawak, he adopted a policy which gave great offence to the Chinese, who destroyed his property, and whose vengeance nearly cost him his life. Sir James, however, was not the man to submit to humiliation at their hands. Having collected a small force, he reduced his enemies to the most desperate straits, put to death hundreds of them, and desolated their settlements. When he again returned to England it was with the special object of persuading the British Government to take Sarawak under its protection. He pointed out the importance of the position, the commercial advantages which might be expected from it, and the probability that it would otherwise become a possession of the Dutch; but Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, failed to feel the cogency of these arguments, and declined to take action in the matter. Whether the motives which prompted Rajah Brooke in his advocacy of this scheme were or were not disinterested was at the time much questioned, but all must agree in admitting that he rendered immense services to the country with which his name will be indelibly associated. A contemporary says in 1826 James Brooke, having then come to little more than man's estate, held a commission in the ranks of that grand Indian army which still fought under the standard of the East India Company. He assisted in that Burmese campaign which, after the capture of Rangoon, ended in the cession of Arracan, and which, among other results, brought about the purchase of Singapore. This campaign, which closed his military career, seems to have fixed the destination of his life. In consequence of a severe wound, received during the Burmah war, he returned to England. But the famous forty years' peace was then at its commencement, and within the Four Seas there was little scope for the restless energy, for the adventure hunger which characterised the latest but not the least illustrious in the confraternity of British rovers. For some years the young Englishman wandered about the Levant, and his destiny led him once more to the Eastern Archipelago. In the course of his travels he visited Borneo, and then and there dawned upon him the idea—an idea which he never relinquished to the last—that this island, which, if we except Australia, is the biggest in the world, ought to be annexed to the dominions of the British Crown. Full of this dream of faith, or prejudice, or whatever the feeling may be termed, Mr. Brooke came home again to raise the means for carrying out the object of his life. Like most devotees of an idea, he had to struggle against ridicule, indifference, and neglect; yet he imparted to others something of the fervour of his own passionate conviction, and at last he proceeded from England on a mission as wild and daring as any which the Vikings of old ever conceived. Sailing in his own yacht, the *Royalist*, with a crew of only twenty British seamen, he set forth on a mission whose real aim and object, even if hardly avowed to himself, was the annexation of the Eastern Archipelago. The object of his journey was never accomplished; but it is impossible not to see that the Rajah had in view the foundation of a vast British dependency on the Straits of Macassar. How far he really failed or succeeded in his self-imposed mission, time alone can show. The establishment of the factory at Surat laid the foundation of our Indian sovereignty; and it is possible that the rule of Great Britain over Borneo and the adjacent isles may date from the day when the *Royalist*, sailed up the river which leads to Kuching, the capital of Sarawak. How the expedition, made under the protection of the native Rajah, led to the ultimate establishment of Brooke's sovereignty, can be understood easily by those who have studied the annals of our Indian Empire. At the foundation of monarchies there are apt to be no special correspondents present to record the incidents of the gradual progress, and if there were we doubt whether their narratives, if given faithfully, would always be pleasant reading. Where civilised and uncivilised races come into collision, the invariable triumph of the former is usually accompanied by acts about which the less said the better; and we are not sure that the annexation of Sarawak by the fearless English adventurer would present an altogether spotless page, if its story were written from a Dyak point of view. For some nine years, amid countless adventures and hairbreadth escapes, Mr. Brooke made good the footing he had first obtained in Borneo, as the trusty ally, adviser, and generalissimo of the native ruler of the province. He set his face against piracy; he established something like order and civilisation within the domain over which his authority extended; and by the sheer force of his energy and courage he won the allegiance of the semi-savage people with whom he came into contact, ruling them, sternly no doubt, but still as much through affection as through fear. He has not long survived the final resignation of his power, and has died on the Devonshire property which was purchased for him by the subscriptions of his friends and admirers. Assuredly even the reign of Elizabeth or the Stuarts could furnish no more eventful tale of individual chivalry than that which is recorded in the annals of Queen Victoria's reign. There, at last, he sleeps in peace, and England would be unmindful of the men who have made her what she is, if her children could pass by unnoticed the death of Brooke, of Borneo, Rajah of Sarawak.



THE LATE SIR JAMES BROOKE, K.C.B.

MR. J. S. MILL, M.P., AND EX-GOVERNOR EYRE.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Mill to one of his constituents in answer to a communication pointing out that many of his warmest supporters at the last election disapproved of his conduct with reference to Ex-Governor Eyre:—"I regret deeply that any one who has ever done me the honour to vote for me can disapprove of the course I thought it my duty to take with reference to Mr. Eyre's proceedings in Jamaica, because I have never in the whole course of my life felt myself called upon to take practical action on any matter on which I felt more clear as to the course indicated by the principles which I hold, and have always endeavoured to promulgate. In regard to Mr. Eyre personally, my feelings towards him, so far as I can be said to have had any before I knew of his conduct in Jamaica, were favourable, inasmuch as I knew of him only as a traveller whose narrative I had read with interest. Neither has anything occurred, directly or indirectly, in the whole course of my life to arouse the smallest personal feeling of any sort in me towards Mr. Eyre as a private man. But I cannot say that it is possible to me as a man to regard Mr. Eyre's conduct in Jamaica without the deepest indignation—or as an Englishman, without a sentiment of humiliation. Nor can I pretend that I can regard without profound disapprobation the man, who knowing himself to be guilty in the eyes of many disinterested persons of the wanton torture and death of many hundred men and women, can be content to shelter himself under any shield whatever against a judicial examination, and does not eagerly challenge and earnestly invite the closest possible scrutiny into whatever justification he thinks that he can urge. To me it appears that the conduct of Mr. Eyre since his return to England shows a callousness to human suffering and a contempt for his fellow men which alone go far to show his utter unfitness for any station of authority over them."

SCHOOL PRIZES.

It is but rarely, except in our public schools, that a good and suitable book, in a good edition, and a good binding, is given for a prize. Sometimes the volume may deserve the title of an English classic, but then it is either, like the "Night Thoughts," or Butler's "Analogy," a terribly heavy book for the young, or it is a wretched edition of a readable volume bound in some glaring attire, which is neither Russian, Morocco, nor calf. Who is there that does not know these volumes by sight and by smell? Who is there that does not know what publisher's name is likely to figure upon the title-page? The truth is that although there are some highly respectable booksellers in London who act as the purveyors of school prizes, there are others who keep a supply of what it pleases them to call standard works, which means in most instances works that no boy will care to look at, and editions that no gentleman with the least passion for bibliography would admit into his library. Sometimes it happens that modern works are rehabilitated in a prize binding, but the literary discrimination is not always more apparent in these instances than when the school master presents a merry-hearted jolly English boy with "Hervey's Meditations," or Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," or Pollok's "Course of Time." We know, indeed, an instance in which a youth was presented with that singularly wholesome and simply constructed tale "Lady Audley's Secret"! the donor doubtless thinking with Professor D'Arcy Thompson that Miss Braddon is one of the first of living writers, and thinking, too, which perhaps Mr. Thompson does not, that her novels are peculiarly adapted for the amusement and instruction of the young. Yet it is possible that no judgment was exercised in this case, since it rarely is exercised in the matter of prize-giving, and that the boy who won "Lady Audley's Secret" was just as likely to have received Beattie's "Essay on Truth," or Drelincourt on Death, minus Mrs. Veal's Ghost.

WALKER'S HALF-GUINEA HATS, equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone. —[ADVT.]

THE FETE DIEU.

THE Fête Dieu was celebrated on a Sunday in all the churches of Paris with great pomp and solemnity. The Archbishop of Paris himself carried the Holy Sacrament in the procession which took place in the cathedral of Notre-Dame. At the Madeleine, where alone in Paris the proceedings are seen outside the building, all the wide passage under the colonnade was magnificently dressed in crimson hangings, ornamented with gold lace. Round the sacred edifice, wound slowly an immense cortège, consisting of a great number of priests, richly attired, ecclesiastics belonging to various communities, women in religious costume, young girls in white, and men bearing a rich dais, the cordons of which were held by persons in high political positions, and the Abbé Deguerry carrying a remembrance in gold. The band of the Guard of Paris was heard alternately with the religious music of the church. At the top of the steps facing the Rue Tronchet an altar was erected, and an immense crowd filled the wide space in front. When the curé gave his benediction from this spot, all the multitude knelt down, and the drums beat a salute. The whole proceedings were exceedingly imposing.

BLOOD-FRENZY.

THERE were some amongst our men, and even amongst our officers, who performed hideous wonders in the way of slaughter; for the Russians were under such cogent obligation to save their Czar's cherished ordinance from capture, and were, many of them, so brave and obstinate, that even the sense of being altogether unequal to strive against an onslaught of English cavalry did not suffice to make them yield. There was one of our officers who became afflicted, if so one may speak, with what has been called the blood-frenzy. Much gore besmeared him, and the result of the contest was such as might seem confirmatory of the vulgar belief as to the maddening power of human blood. This officer whilst under the frenzy, raged wildly against human life, cutting down, it was said, very many of the obstinate Russians with his own reeking hand. I have heard that, after the battle, when this officer had calmed down, there was so great a reaction in his nervous system, that he burst into tears and cried like a little child. Other officers of a different temperament made use of their revolvers with a terrible diligence.—"Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea."

LORD CARDIGAN.

AMONGST his good qualities was love of order; but this with him was in such morbid excess, that it constituted a really dangerous foible, involving him from time to time in mischief. One of his quarrels was founded upon the colour of a bottle; another upon the size of a tea-cup. In each case the grievance was want of uniformity. To his formulated mind the distinction between lawful and right was imperceptible. A thousand times over it might be suggested to him that he ought not to have been sleeping on board his yacht—a yacht with a French cook on board—when not only all the officers and men under him, but also his divisional chief, were cheerfully bearing the hardships and privations of camp life; but a thousand times over he would answer that he indulged himself thus with the permission of Lord Raglan; and the lawfulness of the practice being thus established, he never seemed to understand that there could remain any question of propriety, or taste, or right feeling. With attributes of this kind, he was plainly more fitted to obey than command. Having no personal ascendancy, and no habitual consideration for the feelings of others, he was not of course at all qualified to exert easy rule over English gentlemen, and his idea of the way to command was to keep on commanding. There surely was cruelty in the idea of placing human beings under the military control of an officer at once so arbitrary and so narrow; but the notion of such a man having been able to purchase for himself a right to hold Englishmen in military subjection is, to my mind, revolting. Lord Cardigan incurred a series of quarrels, and was removed from the command of his regiment; but afterwards, by the special desire of the Duke of Wellington, he was restored to active service. There can hardly have been any well-founded expectation that Lord Cardigan would be able to go through a campaign without engaging in quarrels; and never, surely, by action or speech, did he convince the dispensers of military authority that he was a man who would be competent to meet the emergencies of war with the resources of a fruitful mind. I imagine that the first active bishop or doctor of divinity whom the commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards might chance to have met an horseback would probably have been much more competent than Lord Cardigan (whose mind worked always in grooves) to discover and seize the right moment for undertaking a cavalry charge.—"Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea."

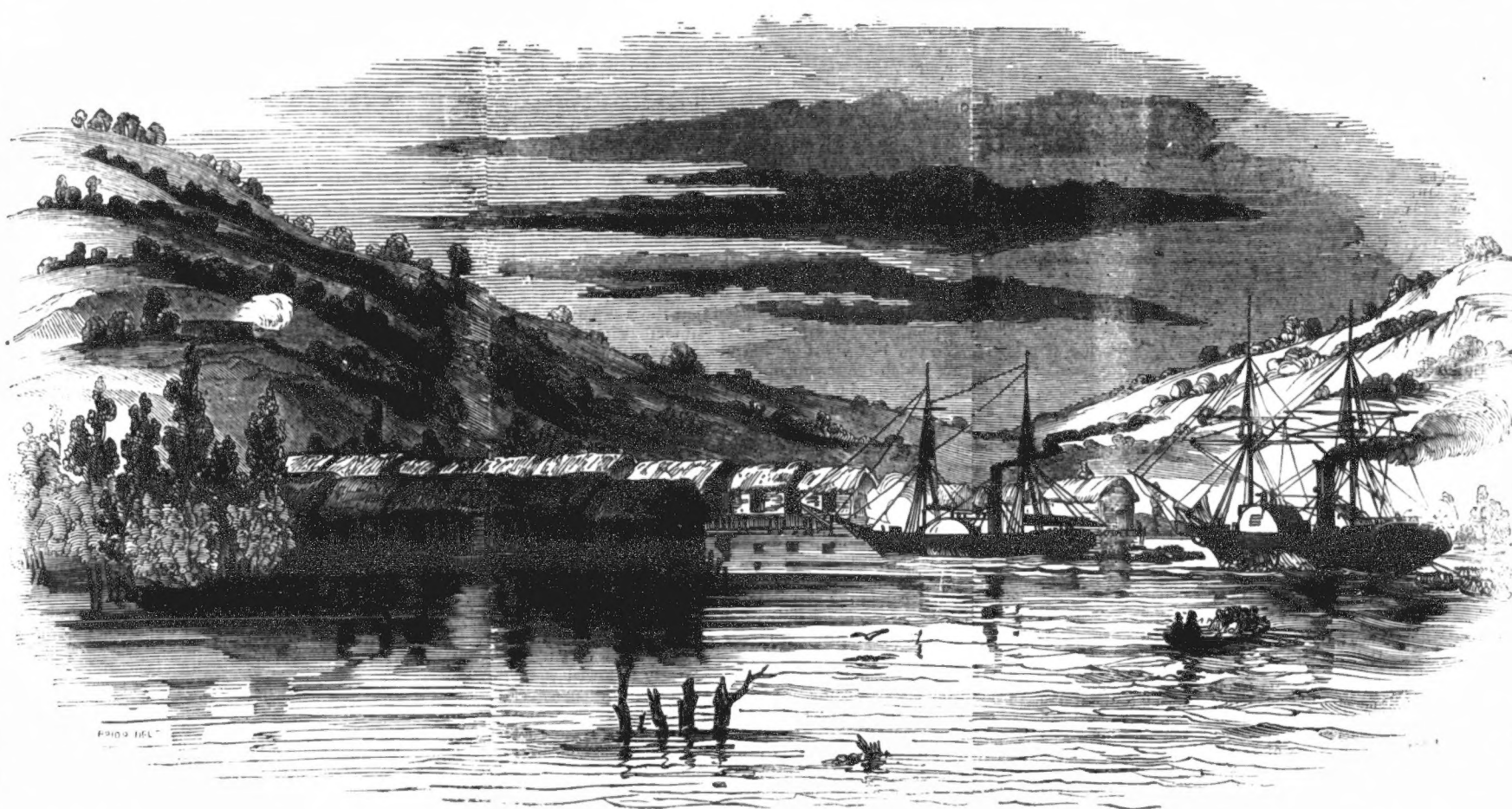
STATUE OF THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.—Some time since a proposal was made to place a marble statue of the Ex-Chancellor in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and a considerable sum of money having been raised, the commission was given to Mr. Adams, sculptor. The statue, the completion of which has been delayed, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Adams, is now near completion, and only one or two more sittings are required to give the finishing touches to the face. Judging from the photograph, which can be seen at this office, Mr. Adams has been exceedingly successful in delineating the features and figure of this distinguished man.—*Liverpool Albion*.

DEATH FROM SUNSTROKE.—An inquest has been held at the Essex Head, Essex-street, Strand, by Mr. Payne, coroner, relative to the death of Jane Eliza Stevanton, aged five years, who died from sunstroke. The deceased was the daughter of a lithographer living at 51, Stanhope-street, and on Wednesday, while playing in the street with some other little girls, she was attacked with severe pains in the head. She became drowsy and shortly died.

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Six Shillings per bottle. Her Zylbalsamum for the young, Three Shillings European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]



INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF RAJAH BROOKE—H.M.S. "PHLEGETHON" AND "SPITEFUL" STEAMERS ENTERING THE HARBOUR OF BORNEO.

STEEL.

ENGLAND is and always has been celebrated for her steel; and we are glad to learn that our fame in this respect is likely to increase. The old method of making steel was to convert common cast iron into wrought iron, and roast the latter in charcoal. Then came the manufacture of steel direct from cast iron, the cost of intermediate operation being avoided. More recently we have the renowned Bessemer mode of producing large batches of liquid steel, by literally burning out certain impurities from iron; a process attended by grand and beautiful effects, closely resembling the eruption of a volcano. But all these plans involve the use of metallic iron, which contains injurious ingredients, derived from the materials used in its manufacture; impurities which are retained by the steel into which the iron may be converted. Within the last few months, however, furnaces for producing steel direct from iron ore have been erected at Birmingham, and pure steel at once produced, without the expense, uncertainty, and other disadvantages attending the old tedious processes. This result is of national importance. We trust that neither want of capital, class interests, nor prejudice, will prevent its full development.

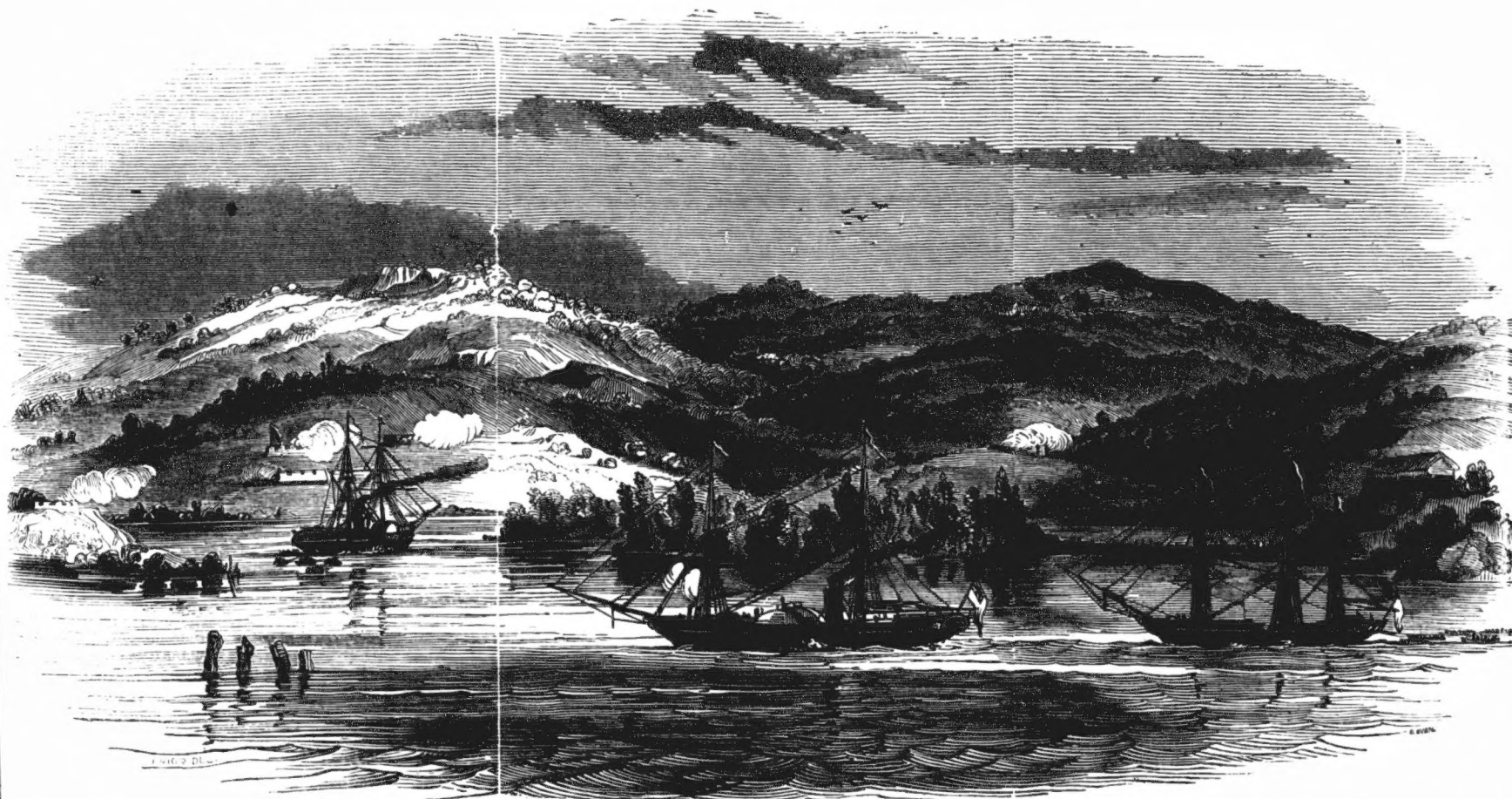
THE WEATHER ON THE CONTINENT.

A LETTER from Basle, in the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* says:—"A terrible storm visited the commune of Haut-Lauchetal during one night last week. An idea may be formed of the damage done from the fact that on the following morning the hailstones in some places lay on the ground to the depth of from one to two feet. In the commune of Welzikon alone the loss is estimated at 40,000f." A communication from Kehl says:—"Not less than three church towers have now been destroyed in Germany by fire caused by lightning during the last few years, in a district of not very wide extent. The first was at Nuremberg, the next at Frankfurt, and now at Wurzburg. This last disaster occurred last week at half-past ten at night during a storm which broke over the town. The building destroyed is the *Stift Hunger-Kirche*, built after the model of St. Peter's at Rome. The spectacle was at once grand and terrible, the flames rising to a great height, and in fact at last extending to the greater part of the building; the small cupola was the first to give way, and fell in with a fearful crash, and at about half-past three in the morning the larger dome followed. The church plate was saved."

THE CONFESSIONAL LAWS OF AUSTRIA.

THE confessional laws recently passed by the Austrian Parliament, and sanctioned by the Emperor, are strongly opposed by the bishops. Pastoral letters are published by them, in which these laws are openly declared to be of no effect, and the regulations of the Concordat alone binding on Catholic consciences. The Bishop of Brunn pronounces sacrilegious and threatens with ecclesiastical censure those who shall submit to these laws. We find, however, that they are already bearing good fruit in other parts of the empire. The Tyrol has hitherto been, of all the provinces of the Austrian empire, the most backward in religious toleration. The municipal council of Botzen has just granted right of domicile to a foreign Jewish banker, this being the first time such a favour has been accorded in the Tyrol to a stranger not belonging to the Roman Catholic Church.

HER MAJESTY'S breakfast, appointed to take place on Monday, 22nd inst., at Buckingham Palace, will be from half-past 4 to 7 o'clock.



H.M.S. "PHLEGETHON" TOWING GUNBOATS—H.M.S. "SPITEFUL" TOWING H.M. BARQUE.—BONJO ISLAND AND BORNESE FORTS, RIVER BRUNE—THE FORTS OPENING FIRE.

THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—The Ladies' Champion—A Hero of Romance—A Co-Operative Movement. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Dominic Murray and Mr. Allerton in Shakespeare. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—The Grand Duchess, in English. Seven.
ADLPHI.—A Day of Reckoning—The Liar. Mr. Charles Mathews. Seven.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Silent Protector—Caste—Done on Both Sides. Eight.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Fowl Play; or, Chikkin Hazard. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray.—The Merry Zingara.—The Clockmaker's Hat. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—Foul Play. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
STANDARD.—Professor Anderson and his Four Daughters: the World of Magic, Marvels of Second Sight, Novelties the most Astounding. Eight.
BRITANNIA.—Fred Frolic—Fool's Revenge.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave Doré's Great Paintings. Eleven till Six. The Hall is lighted with gas day and night.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. Heller's Entertainment.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

If the observant man goes about town, in its best or its worst quarters, if he uses his eyes briskly, and draws his inferences with moderate common sense, he comes assuredly to the conclusion that the times are not bad. Meat it is true is still high in price, though it is not so expensive as it was some months ago, and bread is not so low as it has been, but groceries and vegetables are very far from dear, and even the quotations for butter and cheese are falling. There are no signs of want. The certain evidence of easy circumstances amongst the poor is to be found in pieces of bread kicking about the streets; children look chubby; and yet trade is declared to be dull, the season is pronounced to be a failure. If the same observing man turns to people of easier means than those who look anxiously at the price of bread in baker's windows, he finds that the members of the great middle class never dressed so well, or apparently expended so much in luxury as they now do, and yet the season is declared ruinous; and if, finally, the observant man already referred to takes note of what he may openly see of the upper classes, he finds that there were never so many carriages in the parks as there are this year, that well-dressed women are far more numerous than they were even three years since, and that the line of carriages outside either opera house or a good subscription night is so much larger than it has yet been, that the police have found it difficult to provide standing room for the mass of vehicles. The flower-shops in Covent-garden-market are more numerous than ever; a Crystal Palace show day is a crush of expensively-dressed people; charitable bazaars are crowded; and the Zoological Gardens on a Sunday are inconveniently full. Already people are flocking out of town, and the opera houses are, nevertheless, very full three, four, and even five times a week. Upon the railways there never was so much traffic; morning concerts and charity balls have never been so numerous as this season, and rarely so successful; while all the leaders of fashion have distinguished themselves by issuing invitations to the ordinary number of balls, *déjuneurs*, &c. The weather is good, the harvest promising; we are at peace abroad, and we have concluded, perhaps, the first war which has ever been righteous in its commencement, its continuance, and its end. And yet traders murmur, and all interested in what is called the

London season maintain that it has been disastrous. Here then we have remarkable contradictions. On the one hand we find apparently all the signs of increased wealth and desire to enjoy it; on the other, declaration to the effect that wealth and the desire to expend it are quite absent. How can these opposed propositions be reconciled? By what means can it be shown that while the evidences of increased national wealth and luxury are to be seen on all sides, yet these facts are perfectly consistent with the declaration made by commercial people, that the season has been and continues to be a bad one? We venture to assert that the whole question may be simplified by investigating the question—"Is there now such a thing as the season?" In fact, is it not possible that the vast social changes brought about by the rapidity of railway travelling may have annihilated the division of the year into "season" and "dead season." It must not be forgotten that the complaint of a bad season has not been heard this summer for the first time. During the last eight or ten years, exactly the period during which the metropolitan railway system has been coming into gradual operation, complaints against "the season" have been yearly growing more and more distinct. To account for this state of things there has been a free expression of the belief that the season has wholly suffered in consequence of the absence of the Court from London. We venture to suppose that the cause of the gradual degeneration of the London season is due to a far more profound cause than the absence, however much it may be deplored, of Her Majesty from London between March and the end of July. We venture to assert that practically the time of year generally called the season is drifting away with much of the stagnation and sloth of the past. Twenty years since, when travelling was still slow, and very expensive, and when the tariff for the conveyance of small parcels was abominably high, it naturally followed that country dealers came rarely to town, while their consignments were few in number and large in bulk. Now a draper runs up from Cornwall or Yorkshire once a month, and consignments are made daily. The consequence, therefore is, that the trade which was narrowed into a winter season or a summer season is now more or less spread over the year. And, by the same reasoning, it may readily be understood that the richer classes being now able to run up to town in a few hours, they spread their town life to some extent over the year. And again, the railway luggage system has decentralised trade altogether. Fashions that arrive to-day in London will be to-morrow in York, next day in the north of Scotland. The season is not now a heavy "set" towards London, on the one hand for the crowding of the year's town pleasures into a few weeks, on the other hand for the purchase of goods for the next four months. The season is now simply a time for a moderate increase in the ordinary expenditure of the year. People once concentrated their town life. Now they do not. Traders have no right to present balance-sheets, as it were, of the season. The results of the year's trade must form the data upon which to calculate the state of trade during the year. Business men have found their ordinary trade increase through many years, and they have, therefore, expected a corresponding increase in the trade of the season. Here is the mistake in the calculation. The increase of the ordinary trade is at the expense of the "season" trade. Let us remain in no error upon the question of the social state of things in 1868. The year has been prosperous, and thus far it promises to keep so.

SOCIETY IN IRELAND.

THE one absorbing topic of interest in Dublin continues to be the great Esmonde will case, which is dragging its weary length through the Court of Probate. The facts of this singular case are simply these:—Lady Esmonde died on the 22nd of November, 1867, at Johnstown Castle, county of Wexford, leaving a will bearing date the 5th of August preceding. The validity of this will is contested on the ground that the testatrix was not at the time of executing it of sound testamentary capacity, and that undue influence was used to procure it by the Rev. Edward Hughes and the Hon. Mrs. Deane Morgan. Lady Esmonde was the daughter of a gentleman named Rost. She married in 1819 Mr. Grogan Morgan, of Johnstown Castle, a gentleman of large property. Two daughters were born of this marriage; one married Mr. Deane Morgan, the other Lord Granard. Two years after the death of her first husband, Mrs. Grogan Morgan married secondly, in 1856, a Roman Catholic gentleman—the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Esmonde. By a marriage settlement, her life estate in Johnstown Castle, worth £15,000 a year, and her personal estate, were settled in the strictest manner upon herself, and power given her to dispose of all she was possessed of by will or by deed, as she thought proper. Early in January, 1867, her daughter, Lady Granard, became a Roman Catholic—a matter which so affected the mind of her mother that she determined to dedicate her personal property to the purposes of a religious charity of a Protestant character. The chief part of the money so bequeathed was for the endowment of a college, to be called the "Grogan College," and connected with the Dublin University. Sir Thomas Esmonde and Lord and Lady Granard dispute the validity of this will, which they contend was obtained by undue influence, and executed and signed when she was in a dying state, and not fully aware of what she was doing. The proceedings have been very interesting, and a number of important witnesses examined on both sides, amongst whom were Lord Courtown, Sir Thomas Esmonde, &c. A letter from Lady Esmonde to Mrs. S. C. Hall was put in evidence, in which she distinctly announced her intentions, and alluded to the pain Lady Granard's change of religion had caused her. Our readers of course know the result.

LET not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tale—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE *Saturday Review* says the motives which have induced the House of Commons to abstain from extreme measures against the Government will not influence the next Parliament. There will be no fear of a dissolution, and there will certainly be no objection to a change on the ground that Mr. Disraeli has not had a fair trial. Almost the only argument in his numerous speeches which has produced any considerable effect was contained in his happy sarcasm on Mr. Gladstone's announcement that an Irish crisis had arrived. The House of Commons agreed with the minister that he was singularly unfortunate in encountering, within seven days from his appearance in Parliament as First Lord of the Treasury, a catastrophe which had been preparing for 700 years. It was undoubtedly more important that Ireland should be conciliated than that Mr. Disraeli should receive generous consideration; but, as long as it was possible to hope that he had any Irish policy whatever, there was a strong feeling in his favour. On the meeting of the next Parliament, ambition and curiosity will equally recommend an immediate trial, not only of the force of the Government and the opposition, but of the internal balance of power in the Liberal party.

THE liberal spirit of the great constitutional lawyers of the past seems to the *Saturday Review* to be found rather in the expressions of the Lord Chief Justice of England about Gordon's unhappy arrest than in that of his eminent colleague and pulpit. There can be no doubt, since the report of the Jamaica Commission, that an English subject was put to death by a court composed of indiscreet officers, upon evidence that would not have warranted the hanging of a dog; and, unless the majority of the court of Queen's Bench are mistaken, the miserable prisoner was dragged under the jurisdiction of this military tribunal by illegal violence. It may be the truth that Mr. Gordon was, as Justice Blackburn described him, "a pestilent fanatic," though the learned judge after admitting Gordon's absolute innocence of the crime for which his life was taken, would have acted more discreetly in leaving the scourging of his memory to others. But whatever Gordon's demerits, he had a right, in common with all the Queen's subjects, to a fair trial, and his life was forfeited through an error of judgment on the part of Mr. Eyre and his colonial advisers.

REFERRING to Mr. Lefevre's bill for securing to married women their own personal property, the *Saturday Review* observes that the dead-heat between the supporters and opponents of the bill represented with some accuracy the division of opinion which perhaps prevails in general society, as well as in the House of Commons. It is not a matter of regret that the measure is practically postponed for a year by the reference to a select committee.

THE remarkable censure of Mr. Justice Blackburn, for to that the Chief Justice's language certainly comes, does not seem to the *Spectator* to be more grave or more startling than the occasion really required. Our contemporary is unable to understand Sir Collis Blackburn's blunder. There was something positively indecent in his over-ruling a legal opinion so elaborately laid down by his superior judge and so recently acquiesced in by himself, without even a citation of it and without the slightest respect to the great authority from whom he was compelled to differ. It is impossible to conceive a greater amount of misrepresentation, both in legal doctrine and in practical direction, than Mr. Justice Blackburn, owing, no doubt, to the overpowering force of his prepossessions, was guilty of in this case. If the Chief Justice had not openly disavowed his colleague, and corrected the statements he had made, he would have been not only unjust to his own reputation, but infinitely more unjust to his country.

DISCUSSING the relationship existing between France and Germany, the *Examiner* says it is useless to deny that, though a war with France would be considered a calamity by most free-minded Germans, the settlement of the Luxembourg question through a so-called "neutralisation," has left a rankling wound in the nation's breast. Pretensions like those urged by France in this matter, cannot be long put forth without meeting some day with a terrible retribution. All well-wishers to France and to European peace must therefore desire that the influential French politicians should at last adopt a more equitable tone towards other nations.

REFERRING to the matters at issue between Mr. Justice Blackburn and his brethren on the Queen's Bench, the *Examiner* says that Westminster Hall has seldom been so moved as it was on Monday last by the dignified and temperate, but solemn and scathing, words of Sir Alexander Cockburn. Our contemporary rejoices that the spirit of Holt, of Mansfield, and of Denman still lives and moves and speaks in that sacred high place of justice, where their memories still linger. The ex-governor of Jamaica has escaped without a trial; but a sentence has gone forth against the reckless abuse of repressive power in times of civil trouble which will never pass away.

THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.—The appointment of Mr. Reverdy Johnson as envoy to Great Britain is treated as a subject of congratulation by the *Times* and the *Daily News*. It is impossible, says the former, that any minister could have been accredited to us whom we should receive with more confidence as the honoured spokesman of a great nation. It is as a lawyer that Mr. Johnson's reputation was established, and he comes to us with the assurance that in a time of unparalleled animosity he has won the approbation of both the contending parties of the Union. His practised intellect will be found trained to discuss the questions now pending or which may arise between the United States and ourselves with judicial precision and impartiality; and we do but express the concurrent testimony of all observers in adding that to dignity of character and breadth of learning are allied a peculiar charm of manner. The correspondent of the *Daily News* of New York says the appointment has been regarded everywhere in the States with satisfaction. A gentleman by character, attainments, and bearing, Mr. Johnson is well fitted to represent his country here, and to sustain the high standard of comparison by which Mr. Adams's successor will necessarily be judged. Seventy-two is a somewhat advanced age at which to exchange law for diplomacy; but we have had Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries considerably older, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson's legal knowledge may prove of use in the amicable adjustment of existing controversies.

THE TURKS AND THE SCOTCH WIFE.—And the Highlanders whilst in this joyous mood were not without a subject of merriment; for they saw how the Turks in their flight met a new and terrible foe. There came out from the camp of the Highland regiment a stalwart and angry Scotch wife, with an uplifted stick in her hand; and then, if ever in history, the fortunes of Islam waned low beneath the manifest ascendancy of the cross; for the blows dealt by this Christian woman fell thick on the backs of the faithful. She believed, it seems, that, besides being guilty of running away, the Turks meant to pillage her camp; and the blows she delivered were not mere expressions of scorn, but actual and fierce punishment. In one instance, she laid hold of a strong-looking, burly Turk, and held him fast until she had beaten him for some time, and seemingly with great fury. She also applied much invective. Notwithstanding all graver claims upon their attention, the men of the 93rd were able to witness this incident. It mightily pleased and amused them. It amuses men still to remember that the Osmanli, flying from danger and yearning after blissful repose, should have chosen a line of retreat where this pitiless dame mounted guard.—"Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea."

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE FASHIONS.

THE best of fashion has now, they say, deserted the "Zoo" on Sunday; yet nevertheless the crowd is in no way diminished, indeed, on Sunday week it seemed fuller than ever—the dresses more varied, more amusing, and if possible, more extravagant. It is the most difficult thing in the world just now to decide what is the fashion; everyone seems to dress differently from her neighbour, and to adopt a style of her own.

Certainly short dresses are the fashion—there is no denying that fact, but there are so many ways of making short dresses. I will try and describe a few of those I saw. Some of the prettiest, most inexpensive, and effective costumes worn this season by young ladies, are the bright turquoise blue camlets, either made of the plain colour, or of the striped blue and white pattern, or the plain colour trimmed with the striped. A pretty blonde wore a dress of the plain colour, the skirt made a walking length, the body quite tight with a deep basque divided back and front and trimmed round, with Cluny lace, the corners both back and front being turned up with a button, and the effect was rather peculiar. In another dress the skirt was trimmed with a deep flounce edged top and bottom with the striped pattern, the body made slightly full, the upper skirt caught up at each side, and at the back falling in three distinct basques en paniers, all trimmed round with a cross-way piece of the stripe, a long sash falling over all. When this style is well made and well arranged there is something very pretty indeed about it. Then, again, a good many are to be seen of the plain turquoise blue material, and over them an upper skirt of the striped, divided completely into two, back and front, and trimmed all round with a little gathered flounce which comes up to the waist at each side. With this style Marie Antoinette fichus of the same are pretty generally worn, with the same white frilling round them, and made with long ends at the back.

Costumes—that is dress, petticoat, jacket, or Marie Antoinette fichu of the same—are decidedly more in vogue than anything else; and the styles I have been attempting to describe in the blue camlets repeat themselves in silks and other materials. Some black and red dresses were very peculiar, and attracted a good deal of attention on Sunday. The petticoats were black silk with a gathered flounce at the bottom, made with a two-inch wide puffing and heading bound with bright cerise silk. A straight upper skirt fell over this, and was caught down at both sides and at the back with a trimming so peculiar that I hardly know how to describe it to you. It very much resembled the pictures one sees of the sun surrounded by its rays. It was composed of a wide plaiting of black silk, and a red one above it, arranged in a semi-circular fashion like a fan, with a glimp trimming in the middle; this was very big, and altogether startling. The body was a little full, with no basque to it, and very tightly confined by a gilt metal belt round the waist.

A bright Metternich green satin petticoat was trimmed round the bottom with stone-coloured satin ribbon, put on longitudinally about a quarter of a yard up, and fastened at both ends with pearl buttons, so as to simulate a flounce. The upper skirt was stone colour, trimmed all round with green chenille fringe, and caught up en paniers at the back with a long green satin sash. A Marie Antoinette fichu, trimmed round with green, and a white bonnet with green leaves completed the costume. Over a bright blue skirt and blue sleeves, a sleeveless black jacket was worn with a long basque, confined at the waist by a band and sash.

Two foreigners wore very peculiar costumes, exactly the colour of a peacock's feather, that green and brown golden shade so curiously blended. The petticoat was of striped satin in these two shades, made, as all petticoats seem to be made now, with a flounce on the straight, about twelve inches deep, and a puffing at the top of about three inches, and a heading above that. A short skirt of shot silk of the same shades, trimmed in front with feather trimming, and caught up with rosettes at the side fell over it, and a Marie Antoinette fichu of the same was worn with it. The bonnet was black, trimmed with metallic green leaves.

All the long dresses seemed to be looped up en paniers, that is, the fulness was all caught together at the back, either by a band of ribbon or a strap. One way of arranging this, provided the skirt is not too full, is to have a piece of elastic, fastened inside the side breadths, about a quarter of a yard from the waist, with a hook attached to that on the one side, and an eye to that on the other. Just at the place where they are sewn the seam must be left unstitched for about an inch, so that when not used the pieces of elastic may be slipped inside the skirt; when, however, these are hooked together, they shorten the skirt sufficiently in front, and all the fulness at the back can be drawn through the loop so made en paniers. Bright pink camlets are a good deal worn of the same pattern as the blue, but are not so pretty.

A costume, a little bizarre (if anything can be bizarre now), was a good deal admired. The petticoat was mauve silk, made quite plain; over this was an upper skirt of stone colour, caught up in the usual way—viz., with two rosettes at the side, and bouffant at the back. The upper part of the body was composed of a square piece of mauve silk, met, as it were, by a low body of the stone colour; tight sleeves of mauve, and long hanging Jewess sleeves of stone-coloured silk completed the costume. A few middle-aged matrons wear short dresses, but most of them, happily, are still faithful to the long ones; and many worn at the "Zoo" on Sunday were very handsome. One was light Bismarck brown, trimmed with a satin of a deeper shade. Round the bottom it was arranged in six or seven cross-way folds; but the upper part simulated a double skirt, and at the side, as if looping it up, there was a large puffing of the satin a quarter of a yard deep, with rosettes of the same down each side. The body was very much trimmed also with the satin; but, though there was no appearance of either a simulated jacket or a Marie Antoinette fichu, no lace shawl or outer covering of any kind was worn with it. The reign of pelups is quite over, but we still retain the fashion which they introduced of discarding mantles and the like. A few handsome black silk jackets are to be seen, and these are nearly all made slightly full, and confined at the waist by a sash. Black Marie Antoinette fichus are also worn, and so are another kind of outdoor covering like a Marie Antoinette fichu, with no sleeves, but with long basques back and front. Still after all, costumes are much more worn.

A good many white muslins were to be seen, for the day was bright and hot, as the last day of May should be; it has been quite an old-fashioned May this year. With these white dresses, as well as with dresses of other materials, a very pretty kind of mantle is a good deal worn, very different from the ordinary Marie Antoinette fichus, yet still bearing the same name. It is in fact a wide kind of scarf reaching to the waist, but so cut that the back forms a pointed hood which hangs down to the waist, and outside which three bows of coloured ribbon are usually placed. The ends, which are not so long, but rather broader than the ordinary fichus, cross in front and meet each other at the back, where they are tied together by a bow of ribbon. These are very elegant. Bonnets are smaller than ever; the veils which hang from them at the back, longer than usual; in addition to these a good many belles wear squares of white tulle thrown completely over the face and bonnet, and allow it to fall over the chignon also.

What a capricious mistress Fashion is! When these gardens were first opened, all the élite of the gay world came here in crowds to while away the Sunday afternoon; then of a sudden it was as quickly abandoned, and for a time it was thought as vulgar to be seen there as it had hitherto been considered *comme il faut*. Now its turn has come round once again.—*Queen.*

LITERATURE.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

SUNDAY apart, the tourist might fancy himself in the heart of France, when in truth he is sauntering upon English ground. A stranger to the political geography of the Channel Islands looking upon a map of Europe would naturally ascribe these parts of land to the French dominion, while a French peasant transported from his native village to the neighbourhood of St. Heliers might pass a month of his life in the neighbourhood and still remain ignorant of the fact that he was breathing in a foreign land. Yet Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark will as surely remain small yet bright jewels in the English Crown so long as that power remains in existence.

The people of the Channel Islands preferably call Her Majesty of England the Duchesse de Normandie. The Duchesse has no more loyal people than the Channel Islanders, and if Her Grace exercised her feudal right to claim all Jersey pears, the Chaumontelle, beyond a certain weight—two pounds—the enforcement of this claim, which of course is never made, would in no way diminish the loyalty of the people. In fact, it is the proximity of France which maintains the steadfast loyalty of the Channel Islanders. They possess all the benefits of the English political system without its burdens, together with the lightness and brightness of French social life, and being people descended from the sons of Normandy, still accounted the keenest and most clever of Frenchmen, they have no desire for any political change which would interfere with their liberties. Politics and natural geography have quarrelled over the Channel Islands, and politics have long since gained the day.

Guernsey is a three hours' voyage from Cherbourg, while it takes eight hours to reach that island from Southampton; Jersey is forty leagues from that same English port, and only five from Port Bail, nevertheless, the Channel Islands are utterly English, notwithstanding they are within sight of France, though the people speak French, though the *Chronique de Jersey* is printed in French, though if you drop into an inn for an early English dinner you are served with a late French breakfast.

Long within the historic period Jersey formed part of the French continent. Sea and land claimed Jersey as the tide rose and fell; an island at flood by the rise of an arm of the sea, an isthmus at ebb. Gradually the ocean absorbed the edges of the isthmus; it took time to do its work, as though well knowing there was no need to be in haste over its destruction—here the sand was gradually melted and carried away, there tree by tree a whole forest slid into the curling waters, years being spent to engulf a field, a whole age passing before a village was sucked into the insatiable waves.

Seven hundred years after Caesar one could still go afoot from Jersey to Coutances (the nearest point of the French coast). The route commenced at Bourg de César (now Gorey) passed by Rocher des Boufs, the heights of which rock are still to be seen at low water, and continued its way to a narrow, smooth-flowing brook, which divided Jersey from Coutances, and which was crossed by a simple plank. This frail bridge apart, the whole route was solid ground, passing through a thick expanse of wood, studded with towns and monasteries, which wood, although then much diminished by the incessant wear and tear of the sea, even at that period extended from Quessant to Cape-la-Hague. But mark what happened in 709.

The monastery of Mount St. Michael (Mont Saint-Michel) was just completed, and two of the twelve monks placed there by Aubert, Bishop d'Avranches, had set out for Rome, with the view of obtaining certain indulgences and other alms. The monks started, leaving the monastery of Mont Saint-Michel in the midst of a forest ten leagues from the sea-line. When they returned all had been swept away! The forest was gone, the monastery vanished, and Mont Saint-Michel itself had become an island, which they only reached by means of a bark that nearly foundered during the passage, owing to the presence of many of the trees of the submerged forest, which still remained upright in spite of the victory gained by the waves.

In two months the mighty ocean had completed the work for which it had gradually been preparing during many centuries. The sea and the north wind had combined and laid waste the land bordering the sea now called the English Channel. Brittany lost swamps of land and forest in many instances ten leagues in length, chains of cliffs were positively riven into clefts, rocks were torn asunder. When the sea and wind subsided the wreck of a continent was found in the shape of some half-dozen points of land, islands more or less formed by the rage of the elements, and it is these points which to-day we call the Channel Islands. What became of the road starting from Bourg de César and leading to Coutances? What of the plank bridge over the brook, and the brook itself? The poor little brook had been drowned.

The submergence of this strip of water was the cause of a singular fishery lawsuit in 1789, two months before the outbreak of another great revolutionary flood. The lords of Mont-Chaton (Jersey), cast their nets, as usual, within two French leagues (six miles) of the French coast, when suddenly the law officers of the French Crown instituted a suit against these seigneurs to prohibit their fishing so near the French coast. The fishermen proved that, from time immemorial, their predecessors had possessed the right of casting their nets between the river, or brook, of Coutances and Rocher des Boufs. The French lawyers replied that the claims of the Jersey fishermen, through their ancestors, were destroyed by the inundation of 709, when they held it; the rights of the fishermen ceased with the existence of the river itself. To which argument the seigneurs of Mont-Chaton replied that the river still existed, that it still flowed beneath the sea, and that its ancient banks were still to be traced by a double line of shell-encrusted trunks of trees, the remains of the willows which followed the course of the little brook. They further maintained that they observed their ancient boundaries, and that it was not their fault if the sea had overwhelmed the landmarks of their fishing grounds. Finally, with a touch of humour, the seigneurs urged that if the French Crown required poor English fishermen to refrain from fishing in the French ocean itself, the seigneurs on their side prayed the French Crown not to come fishing within the boundary of their poor little river. The case was even taken as far as Rouen, where the assembled judges gave judgment in favour of the Jersey defendants.

So it is only during eleven and a half centuries that Jersey has been an island, and even now the ocean has only effected the formation of a tolerable moat between the island and the mainland, indeed, the sea between England and France, generally, is at no point very deep. Off the Scilly Islands, we find the greatest depth—seventy fathoms, but between Dover and Calais, it is never more than thirty fathoms, while between Jersey and the mainland, the water is rarely more than seven fathoms, while generally it is as shallow as four, three fathoms, while in some places the depth is only three feet over expanses of many square miles.

Nevertheless, Jersey is an island. The sea has torn it away from France, and yard by yard removed it farther and farther from the French coast, and, therefore, by comparison, the nearer England.

The geographical separation of the Channel Islands from France, was in due course of time to be followed by its political severance from the European continent, but not rapidly. For some hundreds of years the people of the Channel Islands looked upon themselves as belonging to Brittany and Normandy. The Norman conquest itself, produced no political change in the Channel Islands, for their duke simply became king in London, and remained duke in Jersey and Guernsey, as he remained duke at Rouen.

Five hundred years after the certain inundation, and possible earthquake, young Arthur of Brittany, heir of Richard Cœur de Lion, lost with England the Channel Islands, and soon afterwards John Sans-erre found it convenient to deprive the poor child of life. The first tendency towards a change in the political life of the Channel Islands now began to manifest itself. Philip Augustus of France found in the murder of Arthur of Brittany a good excuse for seizing upon Normandy, and to this end he cited John, being that monarch's feudal lord in France, to appear in person in the house of French peers. John did not comply. Philip again cited him, and again John of England withheld response. The court of peers judged him by contumacy, and condemned him, as a paricide, to the pain of death and the confiscation of all his estates and chattels in France to the benefit of his sovereign lord.

Philip himself undertook the carrying out of the sentence.

The Norman cities received him with acclamation, Rouen apart, which stronghold, being overwrought with English, dared not declare at once on the French side.

A messenger was now hurried to England, informing John that the place was invested, that prompt support must be given. It is said John of England was playing at chess when the news reached him, and to which he replied, "Bah! If Rouen surrenders, I shall but have to retake Rouen." And he continued at the chess-board.

Rouen, outraged by this display of indifference, threw open its gates to the French. John did not retake the city.

The Channel Islands now alone remained to be seized by Philip, whose troops were soon disembarking upon the shores of both Jersey and Guernsey. And now John, exercising himself in that quality of sudden contradiction, which was the curse of his life; John, who had looked with almost idiotic indifference at the rapid losses of Upper and Lower Normandy, of Rouen, and Caen, fiercely roused himself to save a couple of poor little islands to the British Crown. He led personally the opposition, fortified the castles and bays of the islands, and, admirable piece of policy, in order that the Jersey and Guernseyites might stand by the flag of a king who had forfeited all right to the respect and love of his people, he accorded them a charter which undoubtedly was the forerunner of the great liberation deed done at Runnymede.

That charter made the Channel Islands for ever a part of the English dominions. The French landed twice, and twice they were repulsed. The Channel Islands fought for an assured liberty, and they fought well. That charter as certainly binds the Channel Islands to England in the days of Victoria as in those of John, only king of England of that name.

The French, however, even after these repulses, did not despair. The islands were almost within arrow-reach of France, belonged, as it were, by nature, to the Continent rather than England. Their green fields were so many temptations, and their granite rocks as many satires.

More than one French attempt was made to seize the Channel Archipelago; all were equally futile. However, between the reigns of Philip Augustus and Louis XVI., the French invaders more than once took the isles, but they were never able to keep them. France held Guernsey once even for three years, but she then had to fall back. Again France held Sark four years, then she was compelled to retire. Half of Jersey did France hold during a round dozen of years, then she found herself compelled to retreat. The great Daguesclin, whose ghost, say French peasants, takes castles to this day, could not reduce Chateau Mont Orgueil.

It was not England who protected the islands, for John's successors did not, as a rule, value those bits of land as evidently he did. Nay, that deplorable Charles II. was willing to sell, and the more deplorable Henry VI. did actually convey away all Jersey to the French, but Jersey tore up the contract.

The magnificent charter, the palladium of their liberty, has been the flag under which the Channel Islanders have defied all France, and successfully.

Is there any need to ask why this mite people have been able to face the French eagle? No; they have fought in the cause which makes each man a hero—the cause of personal liberty.

France would have made the Channel Islands French, England, by John's charter, left them Norman. By it they maintained their own peculiar existence, their possessions, their independence. Have we not said that even in our days the Queen of England is but the Duchess of Normandy in the Channel Islands? It is their freedom which explains the resistance of these people to the power of all France, their defiance through the ages, and their final victory.

The Channel Islanders offer a fine example of peoples who are never insignificant while they are free.

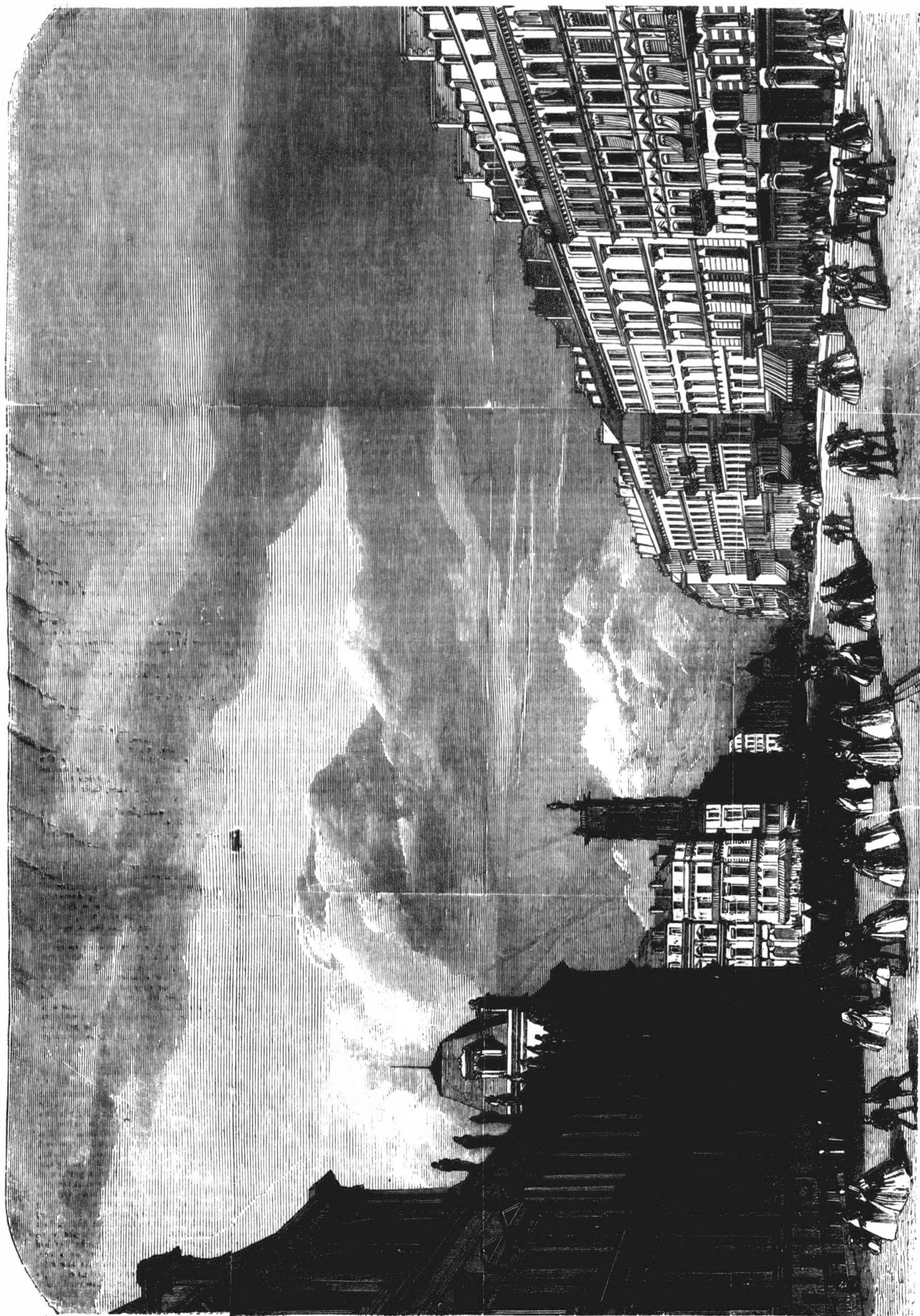
As the centuries went on, another obstacle was built against the intrusion of French sway—the Reformation—Anglicanism, more properly speaking.

The people of England are prepared to protest, Henry VIII. quarrelled with the Papal power, and a new religion is the result. The Pope, swayed by Spain, whose daughter is Katherine of Aragon, will not grant the divorce the Tudor king demands. Thereupon Henry constitutes himself Pope of the new English faith, and pronounces his own marriage null and void, giving himself permission to exchange Katherine of Aragon against Anne Boleyn.

The Channel Islands, prepared by their very charter to resist the dominion of a powerful Church, as they had resisted the political power of two great nations, at once threw off the Roman chains. Thenceforth they fought for charter and Bible, and thenceforth they are impregnable; for they are entrenched behind their political liberty and their religious freedom. While England remains a power, the Channel Islands must form a portion of the English possessions. These footings of land form a grand chapter in the history of England, for from the preliminary charter given by John, to the present time, these islanders have never ceased to be in the van of liberty.

SPLENDID FELLOWS, BUT NOT HEROES.

THE other day, in one of the police courts of Paris, a splendid-looking fellow, bearing on his breast a profusion of gold and silver medals and the star of the Legion of Honour, was vociferously cheered as he was escorted to the witnesses' bench. By his side was a boy of nineteen. The elder was Simon Faivre, who has the care of the Seine sluices of Paris, and who has saved from death a hundred and thirty-three persons. The gallant fellow has received all the medals possible, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and in '56 the Prix Montyon unanimously awarded him by the Academy. The young man is his son, who at fifteen performed his first feat in the Seine, and has since then saved seventeen persons from drowning. He has already four medals. On the present occasion they appeared under circumstances of peculiar interest. The son had endeavoured to save a man from drowning, and, when both were in peril of their lives, the father had rushed into the river and saved them both. While these events were enacting, some thieves plundered young Faivre's pockets of his watch and chain, which had been left in his waistcoat on shore. The thieves had been caught, and were now tried. At the trial the *avocat imperial* gave a glowing account of the recent courageous action, and of the lives of these two men, and then read aloud a letter he had received from the Tuilleries, in which the Emperor, highly complimenting the young man for his noble conduct, begged him to accept a gold watch and chain in place of those he had lost.



PARIS IMPROVEMENTS—LOOKING DOWN THE RUE DE RIVOLI, AND TOWARDS THE RUE DE LA PAIX.



ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE LATE PRINCE MICHAEL OF SERBIA UPON ENTERING BELGRADE.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLV.—(CONTINUED.)

THE DUCHESS OF MINNIVER RECEIVES A DISTINGUISHED CIRCLE.

BUT GÉNÉVÈVE, Duchess of Minniver, was determined to be in at its death; and she issued cards for a grand *soirée dansante*, to be held at her mansion in Belgravia—Parliament sate late that year—in the last half of the month of August. The invitation kept many noble families in town: they could not miss the dear Duchess's ball, they said; and the Misses Falcon at Boulogne coming from M. Adam's, the bankers, where they had been drawing their quarterly stipend, and sailing into the reading-room in the Rue de l'Ecu to read *Galignani*, wondered how that designing creature had ever managed to get into society. "If it hadn't been for our poor dear uncle's infatuation," they said—

Their poor dear grandaunt was going to Grand Cairo, Jerusalem, the white Nile, *que sais-je?* at the end of the season, and she was determined her last ball should be a grand one. She took the House of Lords and the House of Commons and shook them carefully in a sieve, separating the wheat from the chaff; she filtered the *corps diplomatique*, retaining the most pellucid drops thereof; she distilled the *Court Guide* in an alembic of much power; fumigated Webster's *Royal Red Book*; visited the fashionable menageries, and took the lions that roared the loudest; skimmed off the *crème de la crème* of rank, beauty, and fashion; extracted a few flasks of attar from some bushels of aristocratic rose-leaves—and issued her cards of invitation accordingly.

There was wailing and gnashing of teeth, or simperings of pleasure, or croakings of envy, or titterings of suppressed mortification, as her powdered footman—she had so many now that she could scarcely count them—bore round her perfumed missives, with the ducal coronet on the seal. To be asked to the Duchess of Minniver's was like being asked to one of Louis Quatorze's hydraulic-pyrotechnic fêtes. It was *être de Marly*, as it is *être de Compiègne* now-a-days. So eager were people to come to her feasts, that she had but one answer declining her invitation. It was from old Lady Golgotha (Lady Golgotha of the Regency, and before the Regency; of before the Flood, the backbiters whispered), who was ninety, and died the week afterwards, and could therefore, I think, be rationally excused. The fashionable milli-

ners had a hard time of it to make the dresses that were required for the festivity; but they consoled their overtaken workwomen by telling them that this was to be the last ball of the season. Sir Townsend Towser, of the Life Guards, who was labouring under a temporary difficulty in the Valley of the Shadow of Debt—to the extent, indeed, of inhabiting apartment No. 9 in 2 in the Queen's Bench—regretted his incarceration deeply. Had he been free, or not supposed to be travelling in Italy, he told Lumpsey of the Blues, and Clumpy of nothing particular save the clubs, he would have been sure to have received an invitation for the Duchess's ball; in which assurance—the Duchess knew perfectly well where he was—Sir Townsend Towser was grievously mistaken.

Sir Paracelsus Fleem was invited. Yes. He went every where; though he confessed himself, sometimes quite pleasantly, that his father sold coal and potatoes, not in a shop, but in a shed. He went every where, from the Queen's Palace to the most miserable den in the lowest lodging-house in St. Giles's. He was asked every where, and had every body's ear, though he was not a great talker; but, curiously to say it, whenever any body talked to Sir Paracelsus Fleem, they told him the truth. For it is no good lying to a doctor, my friend; if you do, you die.

And Mr. Seth Tinctop, M.R.C.S., was he invited? No. He was not, you know, "in society"—that is, in the creamy, ineffable, Grand Leman Society, which alone could satisfy the Minniver exigencies. Yet he was not by any means the same humble Mr. Tinctop we knew ten years since, keeping the doctor's shop in Drury Lane. The beneficent years had done him good too, as it seemed. He felt the pulses of titled people now, and attended earls' children through the measles. But it was always in a sort of secondary capacity. He always attended in lieu of somebody else, or in somebody's unavoidable absence was kind enough to do what was required; but it was always understood, or he made it understood, that he was not the genuine article, but a substitute, a kind of albatra or Sheffield plate, very serviceable and useful, but not the real thing. Don't you know such people, who throughout their lives, sometimes involuntarily, but as frequently of their own free will, are first lieutenants, chief clerks, grand viziers, foremen, and stage managers, but never become captains, merchants, sultans, masters, or lessees? They are marked B 2 for life, and seem to like it. Mr. Tinctop had a carriage now, a diminutive one-horse carriage, and a footman with one black epaulette. He gave quiet little bachelor dinners, where there was French cookery and good wine. A man of cosmopolitan tastes, Tinctop, he could relish his pipe and his whisky-and-water elsewhere;

and he dwelt—wherever do you think?—in the fairy mansion in Curzon Street, which he rented of the Duchess of Minniver's land-agents. But it was a fairy mansion no more. The door was half covered by a big brass plate, highly polished; there was a night bell; and within the fairy furniture was replaced by steady, medical-looking goods and chattels. Double door to dining-room; inner one communicating with study of green baize with brass nails. Sarcophagus wine-cooler. Portraits of Sir Astley Cooper and Sir Paracelsus Fleem. Bust of Galen. Bust of Grecian female, name unknown, with a straight nose and a round chin. (Why should medical men always have that unnamed female's bust in their houses? Is she the Goddess Hygieia, I wonder?) Round table in the waiting-room, with Boyle's "Court Guide," the "Medical Directory," and an odd volume of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," to amuse the patients. Every thing decorous, medical, strictly in accordance with medical propriety. Oh! he was a wary man!

Mr. Tinctop was not asked to the Duchess of Minniver's ball, although he was one of her medical attendants in ordinary. Her Grace would have just as soon perhaps invited her grocer or her cheesemonger; yet the non-arrival of an invitation did not hinder Mr. Tinctop from driving to the Duchess's mansion in Belgrave Square—Minniver House, in Piccadilly, that great jail-like palace with the brick wall in front *edificatum temp. George III.*, was under repair just then, and they had taken the house in Belgravia for two years—did not hinder him dismissing his carriage, nodding familiarly to the footman, and walking straight upstairs to the Duchess's dressing-room. In truth, he was as free of the house as a cat; and the Duke, when he met him on the staircase and encountered his sly salutation, was rather afraid of him than otherwise.

It was ten o'clock at night, and the house was a blaze of light. There were wax candles in girandoles every where, shouldering the gas, as though they considered that outspoken element to be a low vulgar fellow, fit only to flare in butchers' shops, and not half expensive enough. On the grand staircase there were rows of exotic plants in boxes; the saloons were full of vases of odoriferous flowers. Gunter's men were pouring down the area steps. The groom of the chambers—she had a groom of the chambers!—was disciplining his larynx with Doctor Stolberg's voice lozenges, preparatory to his arduous task in announcing the company. The link-boys were aware of the great merrymaking, and came trooping down, their chief with a silver badge on his ragged jacket, hugging themselves in the anticipation of half-crowns. Picked men of the A division of police condescended to partake in the (outdoor) solemnities. The housekeeper was in the still-room, the

butler in the pantry; the reporter for the *Morning Post*—a languid gentleman in whiskers—was sipping chamberlain in a private apartment, placidly contemplating the cream-laid and gilt-edged paper, the crow-quill pens, and the violet ink (scented), with which the Duchess's secretaries imagined he would indite his lucubrations. The groom of the chambers and his Grace's gentleman, M. Jabot, made much of Mr. Penguin of the *Morning Post*. Mr. Shantilly, who was there from Messrs. Ganters to supervise, made much of him; Mr. Spoom, the butler, contemplated him with reverential awe, as a man "who wrote for the newspapers;" the Duchess had sent down word that he was to be treated with every consideration. The lady's-maid was captivated with his whiskers, and envied his languidness. Mr. Penguin, who was a philosopher of the school of Democritus, who knew the aristocracy better than Garter King-at-Arms, and nearly as well as a bill-discounter, who exchanged nods with marquises, and was on pinch of snuff-taking terms with the *corps diplomatique*, took all this homage in very good part. He might have had his brougham filled—Mr. Penguin kept a brougham—with cases of champagne, trifles, ice-creams, gooseberry fool, pot and hot-house flowers, if he liked. Lords made quite as much of him as their retainers. Prime Ministers clapped him on the shoulder, and told him to make as much as he could of that little speech at the wedding-breakfast. Dowager Countesses were anxious to know if he had been made quite comfortable, and if he had heard quite distinctly Lord B.'s beautiful remarks on conjugal love. He looked much more like a Lord than three-fifths of the Peerage, and had more than once been mistaken for one by the door-keepers of the House of Peers. Mr. Penguin did not write his report on the cream-laid paper, or with the crow-quill pens. He wrote it instead on little shabby slips of flimsy paper, which he delivered to a little ragged boy with a gummy face, *semi-sable*, who was sleeping under a bench at the public-house round the corner in the Mews. Then Mr. Penguin, with an opera poncho thrown over his evening dress, but with his white neckcloth still very resplendent, would walk down to the Crimson Hippopotamus in the Strand—that famous rabbit-house of call for morning-newspaper men, and have a Welsh-rabbit and a glass of hot gin-and-water for his supper. He was always affable—never proud, never supercilious, though he lived among the *kaloï kai agapoi*. As Mr. Tinctop passed upstairs, he became aware of the arrival of Mr. Collinet's band, who were tuning their instruments, and causing them to emit rueful remonstrances of sound, in the grand saloon, where the dancing was to take place. There was to be a concert before the ball, too; and Signor Francesco Palecchella, from Bergamo, the accompanist, was torturing a grand pianoforte to the proper concert pitch. Mr. Tinctop winced somewhat at the discordant sounds, then grinned that old peculiar grin of his, and pursued his way upwards.

The Duchess's dressing-room—he knew it full well—lay at the extremity of a long suite of sumptuous apartments now darkened and devious. But Mr. Tinctop threaded them all, and arrived at last at the entrance to the sacred *boudoir*, whose portals were shrouded by white curtains in cut velvet of *Utré*.

He paused ere he entered, though his hand was on the drapery, and, with an inexpressible cunning face, listened. He heard a sound as of some one weeping, and in dire distress.

Had he entered, he would have found, kneeling on the ground, with her head buried in the cushion of a great carved and gilded *fautuil*, a beautiful woman half-dressed, with her golden hair floating over her bare shoulders, and sobbing, and murmuring, and writhing, and twining her slender fingers, one within the other, as though she would have broken them.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. TINCTOP SPEAKS HIS MIND.

THE sound of a woman weeping is not ordinarily one of pleasure to many ears. "Beauty disarmed," "Beauty in tears," "Beauty in distress"—these are refrains to the old nautical or sentimental ditties our grandmothers used to sing to the pianet and the harpeichorde, in the unsophisticated days when it was not thought that good music was spoilt by having good words set to it. Such words awakened enthusiasm, or, at least sympathy. *Planco console*; but Mr. Tinctop did not recognise *Planco* or his consulate, and sympathy and enthusiasm were drugs not to be found in his pharmacopoeia. To all the sobbings of Beauty in distress within—for he knew well enough whose voice it was he heard—he replied only by a shrug of the shoulders, a shrewd suppression, and then an interrogative protrusion of the lips, and by waiting. Beauty, on the other side of the door, grew more tranquil anon; and then Mr. Tinctop turned the handle of the lock, and went into the chamber.

The Frenchwoman, her maid (Cuppins was not *de service* that evening)—an ill-looking handmaiden enough, with two black lustrous bandeaux of hair on her temples, eyes that sparkled like jet beads, and a face so yellow and wrinkled as to present an unpleasant resemblance to the physiognomy of a toad that had been taking a nap in the centre of a block of marble for a century or two—came running towards Mr. Tinctop as he entered, putting forth her meagre hand as though to stay him, and crying, that "*Madame la Duchesse était en deshabille*." But the medical practitioner continued imperturbably to advance; and the Duchess of Minniver, rising from her chair, bade him come in and her maid leave the room at one and the same time. The Frenchwoman (Mademoiselle Aménide, I think, was her name, but as you will meet her no more in this history, it does not matter) shrugged her lean shoulders, paused to envelop her mistress in a loose peignoir of white China silk, and disappeared. Mr. Tinctop very gravely walked up to the dressing-table; sat down in the carved and gilded *fautuil*, on whose cushions the fevered cheeks of the Duchess of Minniver had rested a few moments before, and took as calm and equable a survey of the apartment and its occupant as though he had been a member of the Society of Antiquaries in an inedited cathedral crypt, or a detective policeman in a room where a murder or a burglary had just been committed, or a broker's man in a household where there was something worth seizing.

He nodded his head softly as he looked, as though he approved highly of the internal arrangements of her Grace the Duchess of Minniver's dressing-room. And, in truth, it was a goodly sight, making the fairy palace in Curzon Street quite mean and shabby by comparison. Silk and gilding, lace and velvet, rare woods, wax candles, crystal lustres, lace-fringes and tassels. The dressing-table was an altar. The vast mirror was a marvel of silver and mother-of-pearl, and was held up by alabaster Cupids shrouded in Brussels lace. The *nécessaire de toilette* was a casket of treasures. There were jewelled nail-sissors, bodkin-cases of malachite and gold, hair-brushes with backs of silver filigree. The stoppers of the perfume-bottles glistened and sparkled in the candle-light. The lip-salve was in the bosom of a light golden hawk, chased and enamelled, with emerald claws and ruby eyes. Strewn all about were the plumes, the gauzes, the flounces, the braveries and fripperies which the beautiful woman was to wear that night. Flaming like fire were the superb jewels in their morocco-cases. Blatant everywhere, on jewel-case and toilet-linen, on the stoppers of flasks and the escabecons of toilet-boxes, were the two ducal coronets; one with strawberry-leaves, for England, one with roses and fleur-de-lis erased, for France; and the two ciphers, M. and F., for Minniver and Fanfreluche.

The Duchess stood up, just opposite Tinctop, looking at him. She had folded her arms over her beautiful shoulders, which rose and fell with the heaving of her bosom. Her little feet beat the devil's tattoo impatiently on the velvet-piled carpet. Her cheek was flushed, her eye flashed. She was a thousand times more beautiful than any of the jewelled gewgaws, the luxurious toys in that room; but Tinctop scarcely looked at her. At last the

little silver hammer of an alabaster clock on the mantel began to set its bell a tingling, whereupon she spoke.

"What do you want here, bird of ill-omen?" she asked, with an assumption of cheerfulness, but her voice trembling oddly as she spoke. "Tiresome creature; you always come when I am dressing. If you were not my *medecin intime* my husband would be jealous."

"Your husband?"

"The Duke of Minniver," she retorted, turning deadly pale, and then as violently red. "What do you want, tyrant, persecutor, despot? Money? What do you want with it all; with your one-horse brougham, your dingy furniture, and your white neckcloth? You must be as rich as a Jew, or must gamble, or else you must spend your money upon opera-dancers. Tell me, Seth—now there's a dear—what do you want to-night? It's getting late, and I must be dressed and downstairs by eleven. I haven't been home half an hour from the Palace."

She had been dining with her Sovereign that very evening. The Duke of Minniver was, as you already know, Hereditary Grand Corn-cutter, an office conferred upon the first Duke, Robert Fitzleaman, by his royal master, Charles the Second, of philoprogenitive memory, and for discharging the onerous duties of which office he drew an annual salary of two thousand pounds from an under-taxed country. By the way, the first Fitzleaman might, with a little more propriety perhaps, have been called Fitztrottop; for his mamma, according to the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Restoration, was in the habit of dancing corantos on a cord distended across two poles, at Bartholomew Fair. His sacred Majesty, they say—but no, there must be no scandal against Queen Elizabeth or King Charles the Second at this time of day. At any rate, the first Fitzleaman was uncommonly like his papa in feature when he wore a perwig; and it was his good fortune to live in those halcyon days when the sons of tight-rope dancers not unfrequently became dukes.

She had been dining with her Sovereign, where she had fed off gold, had only spoken when she was spoken to, and had come away rather hungry than she went. Eating at dinner was not then considered fashionable at Court. The Duke, as Hereditary Grand Corn-cutter, had been spoken to twice by H.R.H. the Prince Consort; during the rest of the repast the Duke of Minniver crumbled his bread, and looked at himself in his golden spoon. One of the maids of honour had giggled during the *entrées*, and told her neighbour—an Archbishop—that the Duke of Minniver used to much Macassar oil to make his hair look brown. The Archbishop—our old friend, "Jumping Jimmy"—suggested hair-dye, and chuckled, whereupon Royalty had frowned sternly on the pair; in consequence of which, I presume, the maid of honour was sent to the Tower that very night, after having been summarily corrected, in nursery fashion, by the Court duenna, or Mother of the maids, and the Archbishop relegated to his see, there to translate his Latin Pastoral into Greek lambics, till he showed signs of better behaviour. I know the discipline at Court is very strict. There had been a Royal Duke present at the dinner, who remarked to the Great Captain of the Age (who was dining on a French roll) that the *vol-au-vent* à la *financière* was "very good, very good, very good," three times. There was a prodigious old Guy of a German Princess, done up in crimson satin, who gobbled over her food, and expectorated freely in Mecklin lace; and this is, I declare, an accurate description of the dinner at Buckingham Palace from which Gênéviève, Duchess of Minniver, had just come. I am not drawing from imagination. I had the picture from a Royal footman, who turned author and died.

She had driven straight away from the Royal table (being excused in consequence of her entertainment), but was too proud and beautiful to wear her dinner-dress.

"What do you want?" she asked again, impatiently, almost harshly, for Mr. Tinctop had never answered a word yet.

He rose, and leaned his back against the glittering dressing-table. He took up one of the morocco dressing-cases, and with his fore-finger—it was an ugly fore-finger, with a nail which, mown, pared, scraped as it was, looked like a claw—struck the coronets and the initials stamped in gold upon the leather. Struck them violently—struck them scornfully.

"Do you see this, you jade?" he said, at last.

"Yes," she answered, trembling.

"You a duchess—you the widow of a viscount—you the heiress of all the Baddington estates—you the leader of rank and fashion—you the Queen of Beauty! I'll queen of beauty you, you gipsy!"

"What have I done?" she faltered.

"Done! What haven't you done? Aren't you mine, body and soul? Aren't you my goods and chattels, my property, my household stuff? Did I pick you up out of the mud, out of the gutter, when you were dancing in frilled trousers and spangles, with a monkey, a white mouse, and a Savoyard organ-grinder, in the streets of Genoa?"

She started at him in dumb horror, but pointed to the door.

"Nobody's listening; and if any body should be, I do not care," Mr. Tinctop went on. He was not, it must be admitted, with all the violence of his language, speaking beyond his usually calm, equable tone of voice. "I'm going to speak my mind to you, my lady; and you shall hear it."

"You are speaking it strangely, Seth Tinctop."

"Exactly as I intend to do, Mrs. Tinctop. You were Lady Baddington, were you? You let me buy your dainty body from the Italian showman, who had bought you from the English mountebank, who had picked you up at an Irish fair, strutting a tambourine in front of a booth, and belonging to a gang of gipsies, or thieves, or worse. You let me receive your fine ladyship from your play-fellows—the monkey and the organ-grinder, and the cudgel of Giovanni, your master. You let me put you to school; half ruin myself to cram accomplishments into that clever, impenetrable head of yours. You let me, before the English Consul at Turin, make you my wife—"

"For God's sake, stop, you madman," the woman cried out, springing across the room, and placing her hand on her self-styled husband's mouth. "Do you want us all to be ruined?"

"I want some one to be ruined, and I won't stop," rejoined the implacable Mr. Tinctop, disengaging his mouth, with a gesture which looked very much as though he wished to bite the hand before him. "Didn't I marry you, Polly Draggletail, which is about all the name you have; my Lady Gênéviève, Duchess of Minniver, and all the rest of it, as you call yourself?"

She looked at him with inexpressible loathing, hatred, contempt; but she did not spring upon him to rend him; she did not strike him with her strong white arm; she did not even spit upon him. She was cowed and beaten, and pressed her fingers on her throat as though she was choking; then replied:—

"You did?" very slowly and subdued.

"And," Mr. Tinctop continued, speaking more rapidly, but not rising a quarter of a note in his vocalisation, "didn't you run away from me a month after marriage, when I had been fool enough to fall in love with you, and to spend, in dresses and trinkets for your worthless body, nearly all I had left of the money I had got from old Lord Baddington? Didn't you go vagabondising about the country with a swindler, and horse jockeys, and cardsharps, and half-pay captains, and German barons, and Italian counts, growing more beautiful, and more wicked, and more cunning every day, till you hooked the superannuated old fool Baddington, and deceived him into marrying you? Marry, eod! a nice wedded wife you were."

He had not libelled her—Tinctop. This, then, had been her career. It was hard to think of her, with her white neck, and golden hair—so beautiful, so pure, so virginal—all widow as she was: it was very hard to think of her, depraved, corrupted,

abandoned—a vicious, hardened wanton. Could a soul so blackened dwell in so fair a frame?

"When you went away—ran away—Polly, Jenny, Gênéviève, and so forth—ran away and left me almost beggared, and three-parts distracted at losing you—I swore that sooner or later I would be revenged upon you. I'm a quiet man, my dear, as you know full well. I'm not much given to romantic ideas, or that sort of nonsense; but if I don't bark I bite sometimes rather sharply; and I think, when I swear to be revenged upon any body, I can take a leaf out of the book of those old Borgias, and the people who used to give the Aqua Tofana, and that sort of stuff."

"What do you want?" she murmured, more mechanically, it seemed, than with any distinct apprehension of the meaning of her words.

"You'll pretty soon know what I want," he answered coldly; and I won't take many words to tell you in; for you must finish dressing, my angelical partner, and receive your grand company. It isn't money, however, I want; I've got lots of my own. I could get lots more from you. I could draw thousands from the red-haired dolt who thinks himself your husband—draw them from him by crooking my little finger. He would do anything I asked him, the Duke, for the honour of the house of Minniver-Fanfreluche is something; and I want to ruin the house of Minniver-Fanfreluche, Polly my dear. I want to drag the coronet and the strawberry leaves all down into the mud, and the Duke and the Duchess with them. Aha!"

He spoke out loud for the first time—this ordinarily placid Tinctop. He said "Aha!" almost in a shriek. He was elated, triumphant; but she flinched no more, and looked at him with eyes of fire, daring him.

"Do your worst. How can you prove it? No one will believe your story. The Consul went mad and died. I don't believe it was a marriage at all. I had the certificate. You left it with me, and I burnt it."

She fired off these dislocated members of a phrase, and then began to pant. She was exhausted; she was tired.

"A fig for any body believing me or my story I'll prove it fast enough when the time comes. I've another story to prove first. I have to prove the existence—and to prove it I've certificates that you haven't burnt, my lady—of the rightful heir to that Baddington peerage which you and many other fools thought extinct. I have that to prove that the young lordling who was killed in Paris was a bastard, and that the eldest son of Gervase Falcon, and the rightful heir to the peerage, is alive."

"Who is he; where is he?" she whispered hoarsely.

"Who is he? Where is he? I'll find him safe enough."

Wire by wire, and link by link, I've got this chain of evidence together. I tell you I have found him. I tell you that I'll spend thousands to establish his claim before the House of Lords, to rout you out of the possession of his estates. Then when I have made him a lord, and brought his half sisters to shame, I'll turn to you again, my lady, and pull your pride down. You a duchess—you a viscount's widow! I'll prove to all the world you're no better than the commonest wench that walks the streets. I will, by —!"

Why had she not a pistol now to shoot him as he spoke? She used to have pistols. Why had she not some subtle poison in her toilet case that she might cast over him, and burn his wicked tongue out? But she could do nothing but clasp her throat again, and in stifled accents ejaculate, "Mercy—mercy!"

"Mercy! I'll see you hanged—I'll see you burned in brimstone first! I've given you plenty of law, Mrs. Polly; but now I mean to have my innings. There's only one more thing I have to tell you. Wouldn't you like to know who the new Lord Baddington is? I'll tell you. I'm sure you'll be glad to hear it. He's an old friend of yours! He's the poor devil of a painter whom you took up in one of your high and mighty caprices, and then cast away like a broken fan. He's the miserable, half-starved wretch with the sick wife and child, whom you had turned out of your house by your servants. He's Phillip Leslie."

She might have been Lazarus, standing up in his grave in his casket she looked so ghastly, before the glittering toilet table, standing in her china-silk peignoir. She did not scream; she could not scream; but with a low moan fell on the floor and fainted. When her maid, hearing the fall rushed in from the adjoining bed-room, and raised her mistress she found that Mr. Tinctop has taken his departure. She thought it odd, as she applied the usual restoratives. *C'est tout rien qu'une attaque de nerfs*, Mademoiselle Aménide told her Grace, when she recovered.

Mr. Tinctop walked very softly down the grand staircase, paying especial attention to the exotic plants which lined them, and apparently thinking them very pretty. He remarked to the hall porter who opened the door for him, that it was a beautiful night, but rather close.

The Duchess of Minniver's closing ball was the greatest triumph that London season had witnessed. The *Morning Post* had three columns of report next day; and his Grace the Duke had serious thoughts of his red head of asking the Prime Minister whether he could not make Mr. Penguin something under Government. The unconscious Penguin (who, to his honour be it spoken, would have indignantly refused the Government appointment, had it been offered to him) was, by the time his Grace had begun to speak about him, scouring the London and North-Western Railway on a special engine, in quest of the earliest information relative to an old woman of eighty-five, who had murdered her granddaughter with a reaping-hook.

Her Grace the Duchess was charming. Never had she been seen so beautiful, so full of spirits, of wit, and repartee. Every body was enchanted; and dancing was kept up till five o'clock in the morning. Then Gênéviève Duchess of Minniver went to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. To think.

"It must be done," she murmured, for the twentieth time, tossing her burning head on her pillow. "Pollyblank! Pollyblank! yes, that was the wretch's name!"

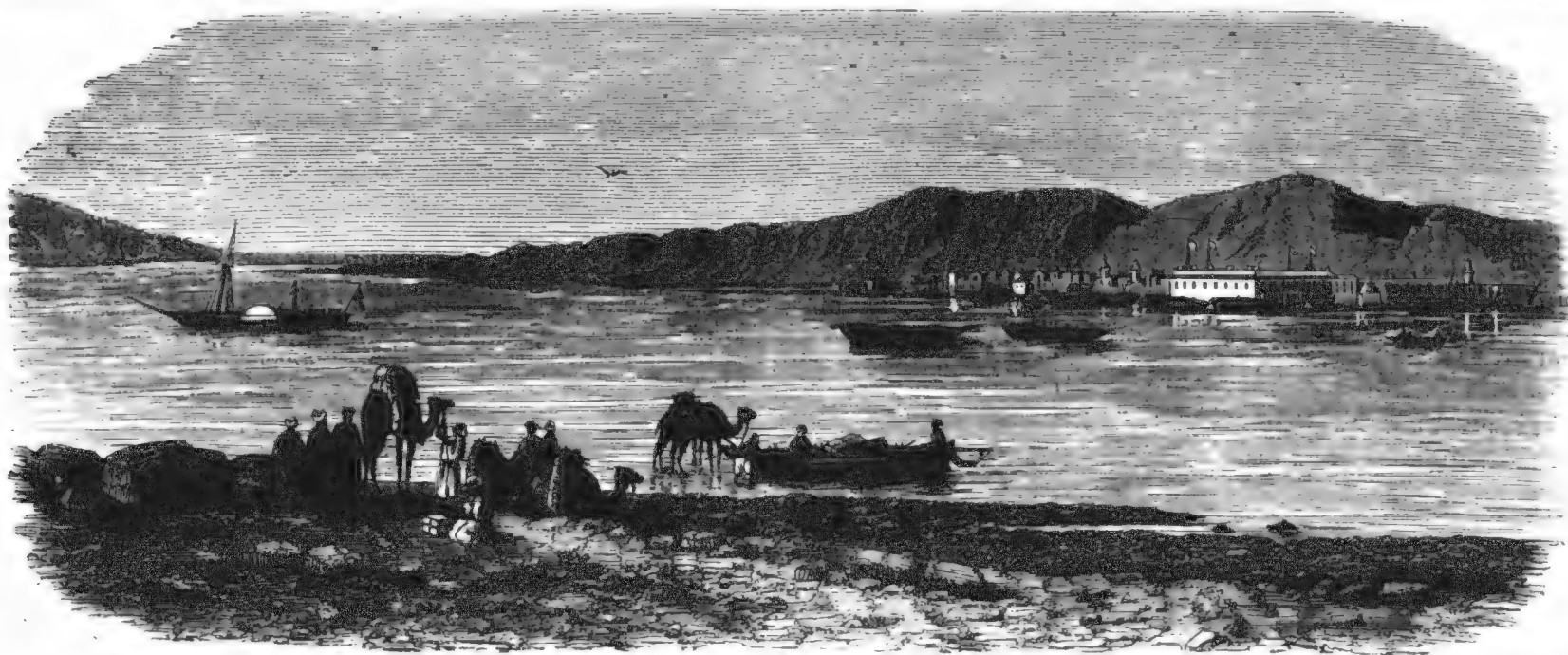
His Grace the Duke had his own apartments in a separate part of the house. I wonder, had he heard his wife murmur that strange name, if any thoughts would have come across his mind akin to those that troubled Parisina's lord?

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

THE last grand entertainment of the fashionable season being over, and the season itself having thus come to a legitimate and satisfactory termination, the clerk of the weather, determined, to all appearances, to be also in the fashion, made up his meteorological mind to give the Londoners no more fine weather, and was, accordingly, "down on them" with a first September of the bitterest autumnal description. Mr. Kenny Meadows, that delightful artist, was then at home drawing beautiful vignettes of "Autumn" on wood, for the illustrated newspapers. He represented the season as a blooming brunette, luxuriously reclining among luscious fruits, in a bower overshadowed by pulpy vines. Artists were out on their autumnal-sketching tour, running races with the mist up Saddleback or Helvellyn, or washing in their bits of rock and foliage in the inn-parlour of Betty's-y-Coyd: the smiling Welch landlady looking on approvingly as she fried her eggs and bacon; Jack Harold, the man who paints sunsets so well, singing that famous song of his about the three bank directors who "went fishing for roach and dace;" and Baronial Springfield, with his tremendous red beard, arguing on German art with Waterfall Talmash and Bill Rokes, surnamed the "indefatigable," because he came to Wales every year for artistic purposes, and never painted any thing but the portrait of the landlady's ast baby. Men put uncharitable construction even on this solitary

THE EASTERN COAST.—The submarine telegraphic line connecting Dunwich, on the Suffolk coast, with Zandvoort has been taken up, and Lowestoft has been selected as the starting point of a new cable between England and Holland. The laying of the new cable has been commenced under the direction of Captain Blakelock, of the Electric Telegraph Company's steamer Monarch. New buildings erected by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity Board at the south end of Great Yarmouth are now approaching completion.



SUEZ.

VIEW OF SUEZ.

THE view of Suez, represented in our engraving, is taken from the coast of Arabia directly in front of the town. The four camels and the Arabs who are with them, come from the fountains of Moses, where they have been to procure water: for in the town of Suez there are no wells containing water that is fit to drink, and the rain-water, which is collected with difficulty, does not afford sufficient for domestic purposes. The water of the fountains of Moses is not so good as could be desired; nevertheless, in that country it is not to be despised, when better cannot be obtained. The oasis which is known as the fountains of Moses, is about nine miles distant from the shore of the Red Sea, in the direction of Mount Sinai. The camels appear heavily laden, and are about to cross the ferry.

The steamer on the left is probably moving towards the English schooner, which is seen in the distance, and is a floating depot for coals to supply the large steamers which arrive at Suez with the mails from India and China. The boats in front of Suez are the miserable vessels in which the Arab merchants carry their merchandise to the various ports on the Red Sea. They bring the Mocha coffee from Jeddah and the produce of Upper Egypt by the Nile as far as Kenah. The Arabs make very indifferent sailors, being characterised by a want of activity. The slow navigation of their boats will soon be replaced by steamers, which the Egyptian Government is about to establish.

The large building on the right of Suez is the hotel built for the accommodation of overland travellers, who have crossed, or who are about to cross, the desert between Suez and Cairo.

The mountains seen in the distance are the barren mountains of Attaka, from whence the stone is brought with which the more modern portions of Suez are built, and which furnish the same material for the jetties constructed on the right of the town. Suez has from four to five thousand inhabitants, a large population for a locality not well provided with water, which is sold at times for the most extravagant prices, and very often has to be brought from Cairo, a distance of ninety miles. There is not a tree or shrub of any kind to be seen about Suez—not even a blade of grass.

DISEASED FISH.—Mr. W. B. Towse, the clerk to the Fish-mongers' Company, has presented to the Court of Assistants an account of the fish seized in the month of May by the fish-meters appointed by the company, at and near Billingsgate Market and on board boats lying off that place. The following were the number of the fish:—Bream, 42; cod, 490; conger eels, 7; crabs, 930; dabs, 14,150; eels, 5; escallops, 60; gurnets, 2,040; haddock, 5,400; herrings, 12,325; ling, 7; lobsters, 68; mackerel, 308; perch, 15; plaice, 6,813; roach, 220; salmon, 3; skate, 38; soles, 803; thornbacks, 25; trout, 41; turbot, 59; turtle, 8; and whiting, 48,167. There were also seized 14 bushels of periwinkles, 1,336 gallons of shrimps, 52 bushels of whelks, and 628 gallons of whitebait.

LAKE TIMSAH.

AT Lake Timsah, fifteen miles to the south of Suez, there is no fresh water, and yet there is vegetation in abundance. The waters of the Nile penetrate the soil to the borders of the lake, and bring with them their fructifying powers. Unfortunately, the bottom of the lake is composed of immense beds of salt. This is generally melted by the fresh water, which has such an effect upon the waters of the lake that it is not possible to drink them. Independent of this, the water is stagnant and smells strongly of sulphuretted hydrogen. We are informed, however, that it is not unhealthy, but it is far indeed from agreeable. The place swarms with wild ducks, and other small birds.

JUNE.—THE HAYFIELD.

DURING the past fortnight haymaking has been going on with extraordinary briskness; indeed, there has not been such a continuance of haymaking weather for some years. The scene represented on our front page is one of those pretty pastimes so gleefully joined in by children when opportunity presents itself; and our country readers, on viewing it, will be reminded of many a similar romp and game which they enjoyed in their youthful days.

PARIS IMPROVEMENTS.

WE give a view this week of that part of Paris which has been almost entirely re-built during the reign of the present Emperor. On the left, in the distance, is the Imperial Palace, while nearer, on the same side, is the tower of St. Jacques, from the top of which a magnificent view of Paris is to be obtained. It is a building ominous in its neighbourhood to the Royal Palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries, for here died a King of France, after many years' imprisonment. Stretching away on the extreme right is the Rue de la Paix, one of the most magnificent streets in the world, but which is, nevertheless, in part being pulled down.

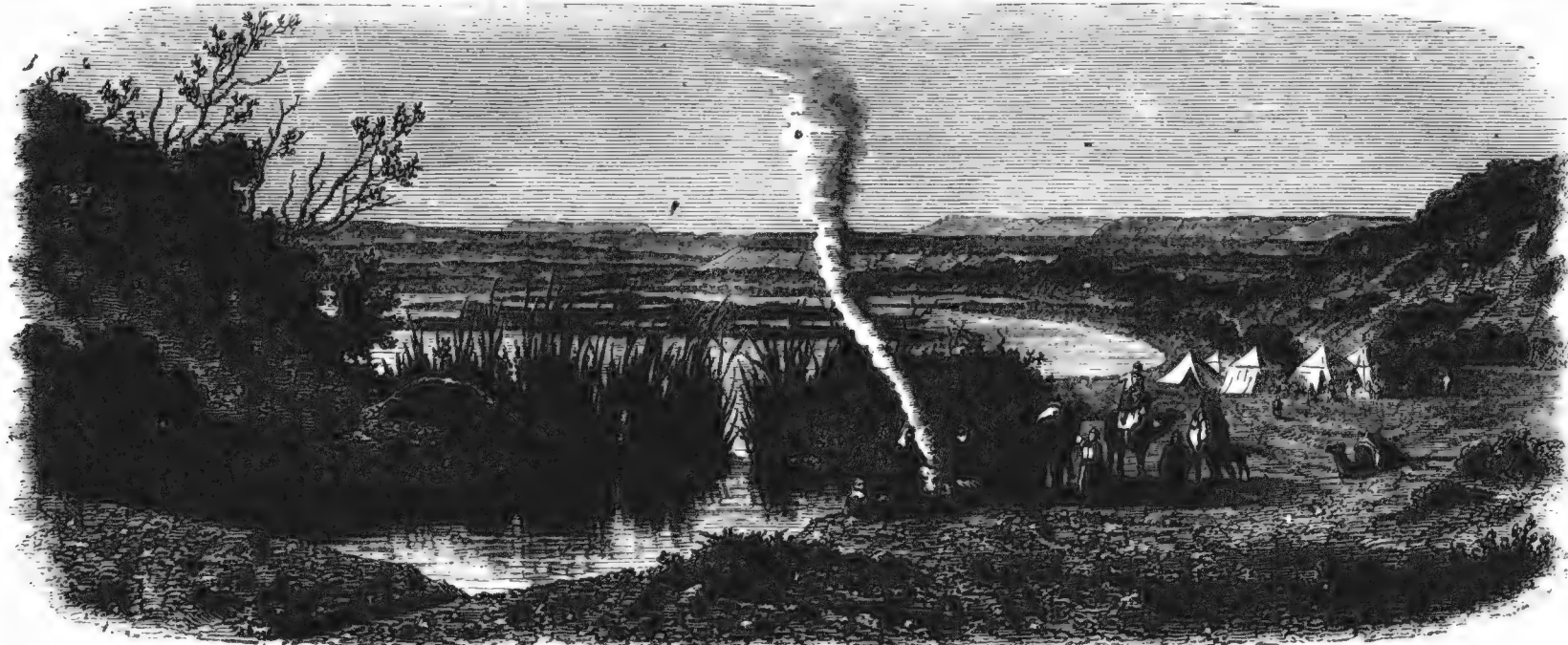
NEW WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MARKET AT KING'S CROSS.—A new wholesale and retail market will be opened in a few weeks at King's-cross, immediately adjoining the Great Northern Railway terminus. The market covers an area of more than an acre, and contains separate and ample accommodation for the wholesale fish, meat, poultry, provision, and fruit and vegetable trades. In addition there is a spacious covered retail market containing about 90 stalls.

J. S. MILL ON THE ARYSSINIAN WAR.—"I have always thought, and always said, that this country was bound to recover its envoy—even by war if necessary; and the manner in which the war has been carried out by Sir Robert Napier does honour to him and to our country. Its success is probably owing in great measure to the spirit of law and order, which reduced the sufferings of war to the lowest possible point amongst the people in whose country it was carried on. The continuance of hostilities after the prisoners had been surrendered is the one point which requires, and which will probably receive, an explanation."

OLD AND NEW BOOKS.

OF books, as of pictures, it is often true that the old is more valuable than the new. The mere fact that a volume was printed many years ago is sufficient to render it exceedingly valuable in the estimation of many worthy and opulent men. Its contents may be worthless or even improper. Book collectors are all the more eager to acquire it, if, in addition to being very old, it is also very unreadable. In some cases a blunder will prove a source of wealth. Copies of the Scriptures containing obvious, but unintentional misprints are literally worth their weight in gold. The desire to obtain rare and curious editions of old books is not so conspicuously manifested now as it was several years ago, when Earl Spencer was famous as a bibliomaniac, and Dibdin recorded the praises of those who squandered their substance in hunting after unique copies of printed works. But if the mania of noblemen for purchasing books be less conspicuous in these days than for betting on horse races, it is still manifested in several quarters, and still receives due consideration at the hands of those who at once encourage and profit by the malady. Mr. Quaritch is well known among those who delight to collect books they rarely peruse. He has just published a catalogue which illustrates the changes in literary taste, as well as furnishes information of value to those for whose benefit it has been compiled. We find on referring to it that the prices of old books are much lower than they were when bibliomania was in fashion, while new books are to be had at a large reduction on the publishing price, such an work, for example, as the "Master Pieces of Industrial Art" at the Exhibition of 1862, which originally cost £26 12s. 6d., being now obtainable for £7 10s. On the other hand, if any one desires to possess the first edition of "Johnson's Dictionary," he must pay £2 10s., a sum less by nearly one-half than the same work sold for in 1840, yet, in our opinion, quite as much as it is worth. This is a fair specimen of the books which are sought after, not because of their worth, but on account of their eccentricity. The happy possessors of them may read, for instance, "Excise, a hateful tax upon the commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid;" "Lexicographer, a harmless drudge," and other things of like importance, which the editors of subsequent editions have suppressed. Men are beginning to find out that Johnson was something of a humbug.

A HINT TO TRAVELLERS IN SWITZERLAND.—The *Daily News* says that travellers will be rejoiced to learn that the authorities of the canton of which Lucerne is the capital have made strenuous efforts to suppress the nuisance arising from the sharp practices of the worst class of guides, during the ensuing season. An ordinance, dated the 1st June, 1868, and signed on behalf of the canton, has been communicated by the Swiss Consul in London to the English press; and the terms will gladden the heart of the intending visitor. The effrontery of hotel agents and evil practices common among coachmen, stable-keepers, and guides are admitted and condemned, and the English public are not merely warned against extortion, but instructed how to secure redress.



ARAB ENCAMPMENT ON LAKE TIMSAH, NORTH OF SUEZ.

GENERAL GRANT'S PROGRAMME.

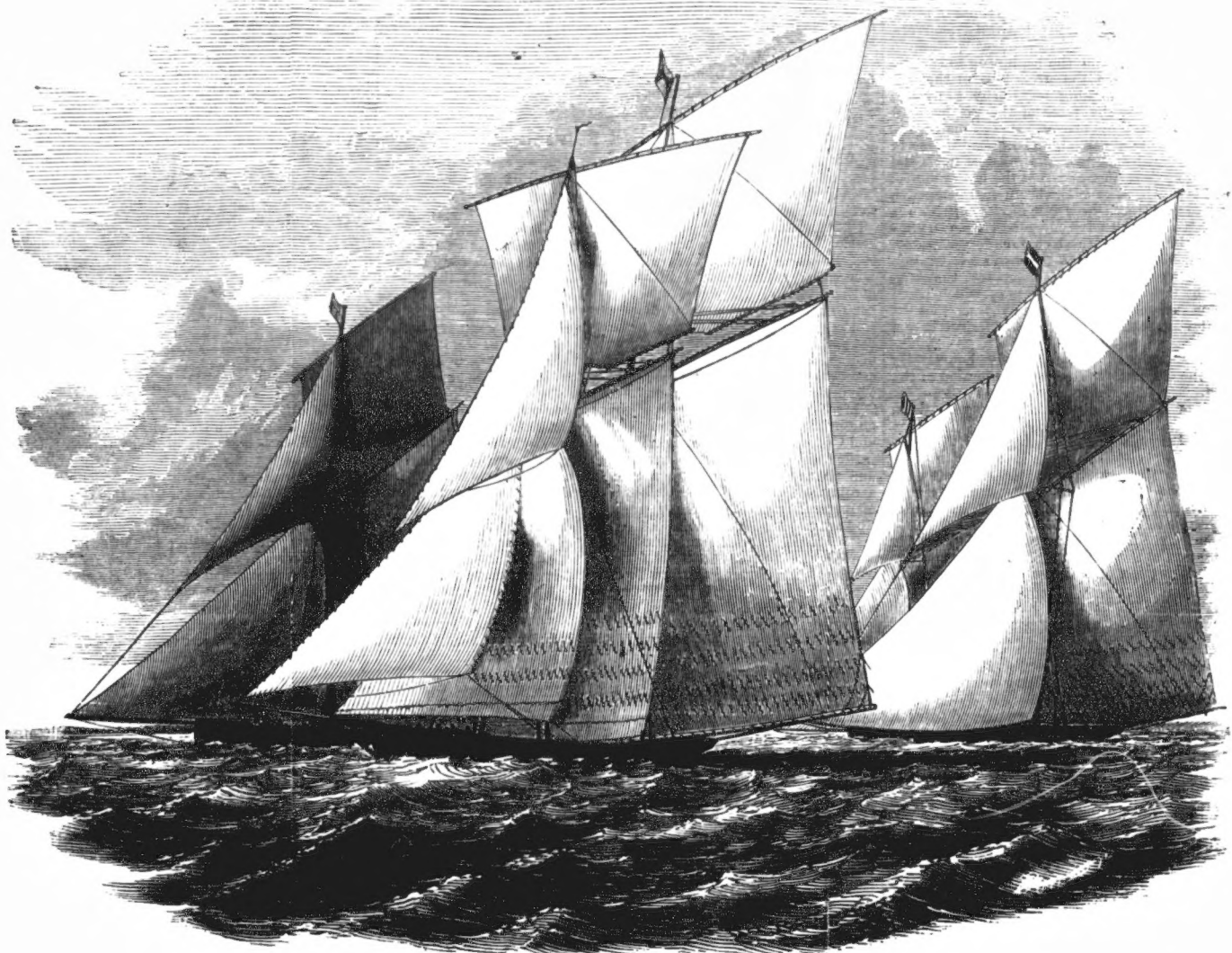
GENERAL GRANT'S reluctance to make a speech, and the verbal shots with which he contents himself when compelled to break his ordinary silence, are common remark in America, and have been the subject of much speculation. It is easier, however, to write a letter than to address an assembly; and the General in formally accepting the nomination of the Chicago Convention, enters, for the first time, we believe, since the war, into a statement of his political views. Writing from Washington on May 29, to the President of the Convention, after speaking highly of the proceedings of that body, he adds:—"I endorse their resolutions. If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavour to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet, and protection everywhere. In times like the present it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising, the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall. Peace and universal prosperity—its sequence—with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace." This view of the functions of the executive meets with general approval. If Congress, it simply means, remain Republican, General Grant executes Republican laws without any question; if Congress becomes Democratic, he will take equal care that Democratic laws be executed. There is good reason to believe that his election will contribute materially to bring about the realisation of his own appeal, "Let us have peace."

HYDE PARK IN THE SEASON.

THE sights of London form an entertainment considered to be proper for country cousins, and for the simple-minded among children. By this phrase we generally understand the Tower and the Docks, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery and the Kensington Museum, and all the rest of the things, which no Londoner with a mind of ordinary constitution ever thinks of visiting, unless he is driven thereto by the dire exigencies of business or friendship. But there are sights of London just as remarkable as any of these, considered to be much more attractive by many persons, and quite as unknown to the vast majority of Londoners. Of these, one of the most noteworthy is Hyde-park in the afternoon. Not, however, every portion of the park—certain parts serve for the delectation of boys and nurse-maids, and mere common folk. But the sacred regions of the Drive and the Row—names worthy to be written in the largest capitals—afford to every sightseer as remarkable an opportunity of gratifying his or her propensity, as any which London affords. The people are the sight. Of course it would be open to us to rave about Albion's fair daughters, their grace and youth, and general charm; or we might moralise, were we in the vein, on the vast amount of wealth, of which all the display to be seen in the park is the outcome; or we might cry, "Vanity, vanity," to our heart's content, as we shake our wise heads not more over the girls, than over the men of the period. But it is as a mere sight that we enjoy this display. The figures are the puppets of a rare-show; and, by whatever strings they are pulled and made to perform their evolutions before us, we are content with not inquiring too much, but with watching the effect. The brightness of the scene, the brilliant dresses, the well-appointed people—not to speak of their equally well-appointed servants, carriages, and

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRINCE MICHAEL.

"SERVIA.—At five o'clock on Wednesday the reigning Prince Michael, while walking in the promenade of the Topchidar Park, was attacked by three individuals, and shot down with revolvers. Such was the telegram that informed Europe another Prince had been assassinated. The Princess Ouka-Constantinowitch, who was walking with the Prince, was wounded, and died the same evening. According to private despatches received in Paris, the cause of the dreadful act was private resentment, not in any way connected with political affairs. The assassins are said to be the father and two brothers of a young lady of good family, named Radovanowitch, whom Prince Michael, separated from his wife for several years, had promised to marry. The rumour of the speedy return of the Princess to Belgrade is said to have led to the dreadful act of vengeance mentioned above. Numberless arrests have been made in relation with this assassination. Addresses to the Provisional Government at Belgrade, are continually arriving from all parts of the country, giving in the adhesion of the different municipalities to the proposed election of Prince Milan as the successor of Prince Michael. The British Ambassador at Constantinople has expressed to the Provisional Government his regrets at the late assassination. We give a sketch of a recent entry into Belgrade of the late Prince, and when he was most enthusiastically received. It will be remarked that one of the suite following the carriage is firing a pistol in the air—a common practice upon holidays with all people who have the least tinge of modern Greek blood in their veins. Fire-arms in these cases are frequently loaded with ball cartridge, and accidents are as frequent. The usage is one which is barbarous, dangerous, and which covers such attacks as has led to the death of a reputable prince. The remains of the late Prince were interred at Belgrade on Sun



ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB—THE "EGERIA" COMING IN.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

VISITORS to Silloth may have noticed, within four or five miles of their destination, more than one field filled with "muggets," with here and there a thorn bush to relieve the yellow monotony. The owner of these fields and of other broad acres is now dead. John Younghusband was his name, and his place of abode was Abbey Cowper. He was, during his lifetime, as eccentric as the poet whose name his residence bore. He violently opposed the making of the Silloth Railway, which ran through his neglected land, and would have stopped it altogether if the proverbial wisdom of parliament had not given peremptory powers to the contrary. He has shown the ruling passion strong unto death. His relatives, as relatives are, were very assiduous in their attentions, and he has rewarded their devotion by leaving the bulk of his property, worth some £1,700 a year, to a man he never spoke to till within the last few months, and who, when fortune thus singularly favoured him, is said to have declared that he was the richest man "in t' Holme." But the old fellow has clogged the conditions of his gift by certain provisos of a ludicrous character. The lucky legatee is not to travel on the railway, and not to speak to any of the gentlemen who were instrumental in forming it, on the pain of forfeiture of the estate. To a prominent solicitor at Maryport, who drew the will, and who was a strong opponent of the Silloth scheme, the deceased has left £750; and to complete the catalogue of eccentricities, he has devised the munificent sum of one farthing to each of the gentlemen who formed the directorate of the undertaking! Another good story is told of the curious old man. During the survey for the railway, he would let no man come upon his land with chains and "sights." But a 'cute surveyor in Carlisle watched his opportunity. One Saturday morning he saw the old chap go on to the Sands to the cattle market; and getting a "trap" at once, he drove to the estate, and had the levels taken in the owner's absence. The penalty for such a daring deed was deprivation of friendship, and, it is said, the legacy of an arthing.

horses—are all very nice to see. Here and there are to be met a little knot of women, evidently of what we heard a "swell" call the "lower orders," though well-dressed and quiet-mannered enough. To these women, the show is as the passing before them of a higher order of beings—the gay clothes things to be looked at, but not to be envied, because so far above what they can ever hope to attain; the whole as something to be admired in the intensity of its fitness. However, when the promenade has been done, and the eye turns from the clothes to the people, the show is not less amusing, though the interest becomes somewhat different, perhaps a little painful. There is so much of the matter-of-course in the promenaders, in the loungers over the railings, in the occupants of the chairs. These people have not the faintest air of enjoyment. They seem to have made their appearance in strict fulfilment of a duty which they owe to some one, but by the due accomplishment of which they do not expect anyone to be pleased, not even themselves. The few who do seem to like the spectacle, are those who take it as a sight; and for the due enjoyment even of that pleasure, it is necessary not to indulge in it too often. Quite at the commencement of the season, there is some freshness of appearance among the crowd whose presence constitutes the show; but just now there is a weariness and languor, a look of positive ill health, about many of the promenaders, which makes one inclined to exclaim, "Good people, if you do want a little fresh air, why don't you try to get it." The Park is a pretence of air and exercise; in reality, it is only another of the varied modes of seeing and being seen, in which fashionable London in the height of the season delights. But, just as a certain satiety would pervade even the school-boy who had meals of unvarying sweets, and just as a time comes to the wearied traveller when "sights" lose half their interest through their frequency, so Hyde park in an afternoon is well enough and remarkable enough in its way, but, constantly reiterated, must be, and (unless under very peculiar circumstances) is, "flat, stale, and unprofitable." We can conceive no drearier penance, than to be obliged constantly to pace its walks unsustained by the invigorating notion that you are seeing "a sight."

day with great pomp. All the provincial authorities are sending in their adhesion to Prince Milan, as successor to his uncle. The young Prince is to be brought up by the widow of the late Prince who will take part in the government during the Prince's minority. It is now said to be uncertain whether the assassins of the Prince of Serbia were actuated by political or personal motives. The latest telegrams from Belgrade assert the discovery of a political conspiracy, of which they make Prince Kara Georgewitch the author, but at present we have nothing more than these statements, which may turn out to be gross misrepresentations, inspired by a very intelligible political interest. On the other hand, it is not at all necessary to prove the complicity of Kara Georgewitch in the murder to give it a political character. Politics have lately run very high in Serbia, and the two parties, although neither may have intended or desired Prince Michael's death, have busied themselves with the question of the succession to the childless ruler. Of course, if it is assumed that Prince Michael was murdered, not out of revenge for the actions of the man, but with the view of getting rid of the Sovereign, it is natural in the first instance, to assume the instigation, or, at least, the complicity of the rival House which he and his father, after giving way before it, subsequently disposed of. But it is only fair at present to believe that Kara Georgewitch had no part in this black business, and that no political party in Serbia is tainted with a resort to murder in order to promote its personal interests—or what it may have deemed to be the interests of Serbia or of the whole Serb nationality. At the same time it must be allowed that the personal motives assigned seem insufficient to account for the atrocities by which it was marked. We can understand that the elder Radovanowitch may have designed the death of the Prince in revenge for his daughter's dishonour; but we cannot find even in the story that the Prince intended to marry Catherine Constantinowitch, any reason for an attempt to murder the young girl, or the actual murder of her mother, the Princess Ouka Constantinowitch. The care taken to kill the elder woman is, indeed, a strong argument in favour of the political theory of the assassination, for she was known to exercise a great political influence, and a party which desired to get rid of Prince Michael might well deem its work incomplete if she had been left alive.

LAW AND POLICE.

RISK ALLAH v. WHITEHURST AND OTHERS.—
ACTION FOR LIBEL.

THIS is an important trial for libel, which was commenced on Saturday in the Court of Queen's Bench. The plaintiff is a foreigner named Risk Allah, and the defendants are the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose report of a trial at Brussels, and remarks upon it, have given umbrage to the plaintiff. The trial has lasted many days. It is much too lengthy for us fully to report it, but we give the opening of the case by the counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. Serjeant Parry. He said: I have the honour to appear on behalf of the plaintiff in this action, and it is my duty to state one of the most extraordinary narratives ever listened to in a court of justice, fertile as the courts of justice of all countries are in interest and in romance. On the 22nd of August, 1866, and on the eight following days, Risk Allah, the plaintiff in this action, was tried in the city of Brussels, in the province of Brabant, in Belgium, for the double crime of murder and forgery. In our country a man can only be tried for one offence at a time, but in France and in Belgium the public prosecutor can state in the acte d'accusation as many crimes as he pleases against the accused party, who may be put upon his trial for all those crimes, however dissimilar they may be in their nature and character. Such was the fate of Risk Allah, who, after an investigation which lasted altogether for nine days, after the examination of upwards of 70 witnesses upon one side or the other, after the production of innumerable documents, was triumphantly acquitted, not merely by the verdict of the jury, but in the consciences of the judges that tried him, and by the general approval of the public who heard the trial. I need hardly tell you that a trial of this kind excited almost universal interest. The press of France and of England was represented at Brussels, and the defendants, who were the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, one of the most widely circulated of our journals, were represented, as well as those of other London newspapers. The plaintiff complains that the defendants, in a series of letters which their special correspondent wrote from Brussels to the journal in London, from the beginning to the end assumed his guilt; that he suppressed the great bulk of the evidence that was given in his favour, making no allusion to it; and that he did all he could to destroy the force of the portion of it which he was compelled to state in his favour. He complains that the report was altogether an unfair, partial, and one-sided report; and he complains also that during the trial the greatest libels and calumnies were published against him, and that the writer almost expressed his belief of his guilt. The plaintiff further complains that after these libels had been published, and after the trial was over, and after Risk Allah—I say it advisedly—had been triumphantly acquitted, and his innocence of these charges demonstrated, in a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* there was a reiteration of all the charges, not in an honest, bold statement that the charges were true, but by insinuation and innuendo, which could leave no other impression upon those who read it than that the writer of the article believed that Risk Allah was a murderer and a forger.

The further statement of the case occupied many hours. By Tuesday evening only the evidence and cross-examination of the plaintiff had been taken.

All the circumstances of Readly's death having again been analysed,

The evidence taken in Brussels of M. Montagne, M. Jenkins, M. Guddan, and M. Belfour, was then read in behalf of Risk Allah. M. Montagne stated that suicide was possible, and M. Jenkins spoke with reference to the letters as to character produced at the trial at Brussels, and said that he believed Risk Allah incapable of the crime of murder.

So far we refrain from any comment upon this trial, which is creating far greater sensation upon the Continent than here.

At the time of our going to press this important case was still pending.

THE CHARGE AGAINST MADAME RACHEL.

MADAME RACHEL, otherwise Rachel Levenson, of No. 47, New Bond-street, again appeared before Mr. Knox, at Marlborough-street, on Monday, to answer a charge of obtaining money by false pretences from Mrs. Mary Tucker Borradaile.

The court was densely crowded, and several persons of position were on the bench.

Mrs. Borradaile being called by Mr. Montagu Williams, resumed her evidence as follows: I saw the gentleman who was represented to be Lord Ranelagh twice at Madame Rachel's. To the best of my belief the gentleman was Lord Ranelagh. I never saw the gentleman represented to be Lord Ranelagh only on these occasions. This was in May, 1866, or about that time. After the money had been advanced I used to see Madame Rachel every day, and I wrote letters at that time at Madame Rachel's dictation. Madame Rachel handed me letters, and said they were from Lord Ranelagh. I began to receive letters in 1866, and up to this year—very nearly the last time I saw her. The last time I asked for my money of Madame Rachel was four months ago. Madame Rachel always said she had not my money, and that she always gave it to "My dear William," and I said that I should be glad if he would return it to me. She said she would write and ask for it. I always gave the letters I wrote to Madame Rachel. I remember on one occasion while in the back shop at Madame Rachel's she brought me a cigar, and said Lord Ranelagh had sent it to her—it was partly smoked. This was in the early part of 1867. I remember calling on Mr. Rendall the chiropodist, I think in February, this year; and I had a conversation with him. Mr. Haynes, a solicitor, was introduced to me by Madame Rachel, and acted for me in selling out some property to pay Madame Rachel some money. The bill of costs is the one Mr. Haynes sent me. It is for the sum of £1,400—the sum in question. I never wrote any letter in reference to this matter save and except in the presence and at the dictation of Madame Rachel—except one to Messrs. Lewis and Lewis.

Mr. Seymour then cross-examined Mrs. Borradaile as follows:—Captain Borradaile died in India. I came to England in 1861. I made the acquaintance of Madame Rachel in 1864. I told her I had a claim to relationship with the family of Lord Kensington. I told her that I had a cousin a member of the same family, named Edwards. He was a captain; but he was now a colonel of the Guards. His christian name is William. I have never seen him at Madame Rachel's. I have relations in North Wales. Cope is only a relative by marriage. In 1866 he was living in North Wales. I represented to him that I was about to be married—that was, I think, about September, 1866. Previously to 1866 I had not seen my cousin for three years. I did not see him in 1866. I did not see any gentleman of the name of Edwards in 1866. I saw Mr. Cope in 1866, when he came to London. I did not at that time know the appearance of Lord Ranelagh so well as I do now, but I knew him by sight. In 1865 Madame Rachel told me that Lord Ranelagh desired to be introduced to me—it might have been in June. I had money transactions with Madame Rachel at the end of 1866. I do not recollect her lending me £500. She did not lend me £500. There was not an unsettled account between us in 1866. I had made payments to her through my solicitor. She had not lent money to me nor found money for me. Madame Rachel never brought an action against me. She put me into Whitecross-street Prison for a debt due to her in December, 1866.

A number of letters were here introduced and read.

Mrs. Borradaile continued: Mr. Smith wrote to her friends, who were furious. Captain Edwards had a brother. Could not say whether his name was Frank, and Captain Edwards had three or four sisters. Lord Ranelagh never made a personal promise of marriage, he only did so by letter. Madame Rachel told her husband he would marry her.

Mr. D. Seymour: In this letter you say you had been duped by some one to whom you had been a good friend. Now who was this William you were writing to and telling that you had been duped?

Mrs. Borradaile: I shall not tell you.

Mr. Knox: Did you conceive you were writing to Lord Ranelagh when you wrote this letter?

Mrs. Borradaile: I did. I wrote to engage rooms at the hotel for myself and Lord Ranelagh. Every letter I wrote I thought I wrote to Lord Ranelagh.

Mr. Knox said: Up to this period nothing in the evidence has appeared to implicate Lord Ranelagh in the least degree. I have, however, thought it but fair to give his lordship an opportunity of making his statement.

Lord Ranelagh: I have only to repeat what I stated on the previous occasion. I have no cognisance of anything that has taken place between Madame Rachel and Mrs. Borradaile. No money affairs have ever taken place in which I was concerned, and I only heard of these matters in November, 1867, I immediately put the case into the hands of my solicitor, who communicated with the relatives of Mrs. Borradaile, and since then I have had nothing to do with the matter. As some scandal has occurred in one respect, I may here state that the story about looking into a lady's bath is wholly unfounded.

Mr. D. Seymour: I ask, whether you were introduced in May, 1866?

Lord Ranelagh: I swear I never knew Mrs. Borradaile by sight, and only recollect seeing her at Mr. Cridland's office.

Mr. Knox: Mrs. Borradaile's statement is that she saw you at Madame Rachel's in 1866, and was introduced.

Lord Ranelagh: I might have been at Madame Rachel's, and Madame Rachel might have named Mrs. Borradaile to me, but I only gave a passing glance, and should not have known her again.

Mr. Sleight: I can only say we are too glad to give Lord Ranelagh an opportunity of making his statement.

The case was again adjourned.

THE LEEDS BANK FORGERIES.

A VERY pretty chapter in the romance of swindling has just been unfolded at the Central Criminal Court. It ought to have been unfolded twelve months ago, but the hero had an objection to the disclosure, and being able to fee energetic solicitors and weighty counsellors he managed to get the trial postponed from session to session, and it was only the firm determination of the judges to allow no more delay upon any pretence that brought the trial on last week. The weightiness of the charge and the scope of the evidence have greatly diminished in the interval. A ruined company had to bring to punishment one who had defrauded it to the extent of £108,000, and out of the shattered resources to fee counsel and bring numerous witnesses to London in the interests of public justice. The facility with which the judges granted successive postponements of the trial has multiplied the expense of the prosecution many times over.

Mr. Thomas Edgeley was a "general merchant," who carried on business as Thomas Edgeley and Co., sometimes as E. Walls and Co., and sometimes as Whitley and Co. He was also on a very intimate business footing with a firm called Teale and Co., of Leeds, and the two houses drew upon each other. Teale and Co. had an account with the unfortunate Leeds Banking Company, and the manager discounted the paper presented to him with the greatest liberality. A person who called himself Van Cleefe, but whose real name is Myers, became bankrupt at a moment when £60,000 worth of his bills lay in the hands of the Leeds Bank, with the names of Edgeley and Co. and Teale and Co. on the back. This produced a serious crisis for all concerned. Had the Bank insisted upon the payment of this sum, both the firms would have become bankrupt, and the false prosperity of the Leeds Banking Company would have collapsed. The Leeds Bank occupied at this period a thoroughly false position. The manager had brought the company to a state of great apparent prosperity. The shareholders received large dividends; the directors were so delighted with their manager's efficiency that they had raised his salary to £3,000 a year; and everything was outwardly as pleasant as possible. But the manager knew that he had involved his company in such hazardous business that the least halt would be ruin. So it was as much his interest as Teale's or Edgeley's that a catastrophe should be avoided. Edgeley's genius suggested the means of doing so, and the friendliness of the Bank allowed them to prove successful. Van Cleefe's bills were retired by means of the bills of the Maydenpeck Forest Company, and all went pleasantly again. Nay, so well satisfied was the manager with the bills of this company that he allowed them to accumulate in his hands, so that when the bank stopped in 1864 they represented a sum of £108,000.

Mr. Edgeley has been sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment as a reward for his ingenuity. All that money could do was done to get him off; and, although the efforts have not been altogether fruitless, he is yet convicted of a misdemeanour, and sentenced to very nearly the maximum punishment allowed by law. What sort of sentence would have been passed had the trial come on when it ought to have come on, and when the array of witnesses on behalf of the prosecution was much stronger than it was last week, we cannot say; but certainly twenty-one months' imprisonment does not seem too great a punishment for defrauding to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds. The case illustrates very strongly the hardship of our present system of conducting prosecutions. This man Edgeley cheated the shareholders of the Leeds Banking Company out of an enormous sum, and he must either escape punishment altogether, or the ruined company must lay an additional tax upon its crushed shareholders in order to bring him to the dock. We do not know what it has cost the solvent shareholders of the company to bring Edgeley to justice, but the charge cannot fail to be felt as an appreciable addition to their already overwhelming burdens.

PATRICK v. WOOD.—BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—This was an action to recover damages for a breach of promise to marry, and the defendant by his plea denied the promise.—The defendant was an eating-house-keeper in Doctor's-commons, and some years ago the plaintiff was in his service as an attendant on his child. In the year 1863 the defendant's wife died, and soon after he sought out the plaintiff, who was then in service, paid her attention, and promised to marry her. As the parties to a suit of this kind could not themselves be called as witnesses, the promise could not be proved directly, but he should ask the jury to infer from the defendant's words and actions that such a promise had been made. The defendant wrote many letters, but they were written cautiously, for there was no direct allusion in them to a promise of marriage. In July, 1863, he addressed her as "Dear Annie," and said, "I should be pleased to see you on Tuesday week or whenever it is most convenient to see me; so you must pick up and eat and drink, and then the young ladies will soon see a change in you. Keep up your pecker." The acquaintance continued for some time, and a child was born; but the defendant instead of marrying the plaintiff married another woman.—Mr. James, for the defence, called no witnesses, but argued that the promise had not been satisfactorily made out.—The jury found for the plaintiff—damages, £20.

THE TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

THE very first object of the performance of the "Messiah" was in aid of a charitable purpose, as specified in *Faulkner's Journal* of the year referred to (1742), "for the relief of the prisoners in the several jails, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital in Stephen's-street, and of the charitable infirmary on the Inn's Quay;" and several philanthropic objects have ever since been extensively served by the performances of this sublime work, which has brought larger and more frequent contributions to the purposes of benevolence and Christian charity than any other production of human art and genius. Another cause of special identification of the work with its composer is the coincidence of Handel's death on the anniversary of the first performance of this oratorio—April 13, 1759.

All these circumstances, therefore, have long since marked out the "Messiah" as the representative work of Handel, especially appropriate to the inauguration of any performance in his honour.

This grand work, destined for immortal fame, was the result of little more than three weeks' labour; the first part having been begun on August 22, 1741, and completed on the 28th of that month, as endorsed by the composer on the original manuscript of the score; the second part was finished on the 6th, and the whole on the 14th of the following September. Time, however, is not to be reckoned in the ordinary way in such a case—the hasty jottings of a few hours may serve to perpetuate for ever the matured thought of high genius and finished art—so it was with Handel's sublime Oratorios; and here we may most appropriately refer to a feature of the highest special interest in connection with the present festival, the publication by the Sacred Harmonic Society (with the permission of Her Majesty) of a fac-simile of the autograph score of the "Messiah," executed in photo-lithography by Vincent Brooks, Day and Son, from the original in Buckingham Palace. This most interesting and valuable production was issued on Monday simultaneously with the performance of the work. Cold indeed must be the temperament that can look on these pages without a thrill of emotion. In imagination we can see the composer, in rapt meditation on his sublime theme, seizing the pen with eager haste; plunging it into the fluid ink (now dried up by the lapse of more than a century and a quarter); we can hear the scratch of the quill (steel pens were not then known); we may even fancy an occasional impatient ejaculation at the failure of ink or some other petty obstruction (for Handel, with all his sublimity of thought, had the human infirmity of a temper). Without, however, going into the region of fanciful imaginings, it is sufficient here to say that in the volume now referred to we have an exact reproduction, even to the oblong folio size of the paper, and its rulings, of the work as it came fresh from the brain and hand of its author, with all the incidental traits of the moment; the hasty erasures, alterations, blots, and sometimes apparently the eager wiping up of some stray ink by the forefinger of the writer.

The Festival has been most fortunate in all ways. In every respect, brightness of weather, efficiency of performance, excellence of general arrangements, and numerous attendance of visitors, the Handel Festival of 1868 may be pronounced a great success.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

AT length the moment came when it was announced to the Czar that an aide-de-camp fresh come from the Crimea was in the ante-room. He was instantly brought into the Czar's presence. By brief word or eager gesture he was ordered to speak. He spoke—"Sir, your army has covered itself with glory, but—" Then instantly the Czar knew that the tale to be told was one of disaster. With violent imprecations he drove the aide-de-camp from his presence. The aide-de-camp, however, understood that he was liable to be called in again; and after a time—a quarter of an hour I think I have heard—he was once more in the Czar's presence. The Czar was changed in look. He seemed to be more composed than he had been, but was pale. When the aide-de-camp approached, the Czar thrust forward his hand as though to snatch at something, and imperatively cried, "The despatch!" The aide-de-camp answered, "Sir, I bring no despatch." "No despatch?" the Czar asked, his fury beginning to rekindle as he spoke. "Sir, Prince Menshikoff was much hurried, and—" "Harried!" interrupted the Czar. "What! what do you mean? Do you mean to say he was running?" Again his fury became uncontrollable; and it seems that he was some time before he was able to hear the cruel sound of the truth. When at length the Czar came to know what had befallen his army, he gave way to sheer despair; for he deemed Sebastopol lost, and had no longer any belief that the Chersonese was still a field on which he might use his energies. I have said that this man, gathering into his own person all the power, all the will, all the cares of the empire, was verily and indeed that which he had dared to call himself when he said that he was "The State." I have said, too, that because the religion and the national passions of his obedient millions were his religion and his passions, therefore, in his superb and stately form vast Russia was truly incarnate. But never was this incarnation more manifest than in the time of the nation's troubles. Because a disaster had come upon Russia, her Czar was first raging, then prostrate. He obeyed the instinct which brings a man in his grief to sink down and lie parallel with the earth, and to seek to be hidden from all eyes. He took to his bed. Knowing the danger of approaching him, everybody was scared from the door of his chamber. By the side of the low pallet bed that lay on there was a pitcher of barley-water, or some such liquid, and of that, it is supposed, from time to time he drank; but, except the nourishment thus obtained, it is believed that for many days he took no food. This period of blank despair was indeed so prolonged that, when other and better tidings were beginning to come in from the Crimea, the Czar, it is said, still lay in the same condition. People feared to approach him so long as there was nothing to set against the thought of the defeat on the Alma, but when the more hopeful accounts came in, some thought they might approach him once more. Going to his bedside, they told him of these new tidings, and spoke of it as possible, if not even likely, that Sebastopol might still be saved. But the Czar would put no faith now in any words of hope. Nay, he raged, as they say, against those who sought to comfort him, saying, "You are the men, you are the very men, who brought me to this—who brought me into this war by talking to me of the power of the English 'peace party.' Yes; you are the men, the very men, who persuaded me that the English would trade and not fight. Leave me! leave me!"—"Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea." Vol. IV.

FENIAN JOURNALISM.—Mr. M. A. Sullivan has once more resumed his "post of duty in the responsible conduct of the Nation." He was 100 days altogether in Richmond Bridewell, where Mr. Pigott, of the *Irishman*, still remains in confinement for the same breach of the law as Mr. Sullivan committed—the publication of seditious libels. Towards the close of an address he resumes his boasting vein. "The enemies of Ireland (he writes) feel already, and they shall be made to feel more keenly, how vain and how disastrous was their idea of intimidating the people's press by dooming its conductors to vengeance. They have not avowed this journal. Their cowardly attempt to subdue its tone, by holding me hostage, as it were, for its contents (even while forbidding me to see them) failed utterly and ignominiously. As for myself, I am ready to face the same ordeal again in the same good cause; feeling in my soul the full rectitude of my motives, and imperatively impelled by the voice of duty."

THE IRISH REFORM BILL.

THAT the above bill should pass in committee, from beginning to end, in half a night, seems a surprising thing; but the fact was accomplished, by a liberal use of the art of the *Times* remarks, by a liberal use of the art of the *Times* remarks. Nevertheless, an Irish Reform Bill, shorn of its re-distributive clauses, is nothing; and it would be discreditable to leave the task to a future Parliament. There are already upon the notice-book of the House of Commons the materials of a complete and satisfactory scheme, and the Ministry may without hesitation adopt the best of them. If Mr. Pim's suggestion of grouping instead of disfranchising the smaller boroughs of Ireland be acted upon, a sufficient number of seats may be obtained without destroying the position of the small boroughs. Let the claims of Belfast and Cork city be admitted as well as those of the counties, let Kingstown be enfranchised, and a scheme of representation of Ireland may be formed likely to last at least as long as that of any other part of the United Kingdom. The *Times* hopes between this and Thursday the Government will be prepared with proposals of redistribution which may be accepted as the necessary complement of the Irish Reform Bill.

The *Daily News* points out numerous objections to the redistribution clauses of the Government bill. It was in these that the animus of the authors of the measure was most transparently displayed, and the unequivocal feeling of the Liberal members declared itself against them.

The *Herald* quotes the proceedings of the Liberals towards the Government measure, as another illustration of the fact that in their whole course in relation to reform the Liberals have been governed by no higher motive than a selfish regard to their own factional interests; that their only standard of policy is the convenience of party, their limit of enfranchisement the prevalence of liberal opinions, their measure of political right the advantage of the Liberal cause. They give everything to population in English towns, because English towns are radical; they deny everything to population in Irish counties, because counties, Irish or English, are apt to be guided by Conservative influences.

The *Star* says that when we can get rid of Mr. Disraeli's redistribution plans and his boundary plans, upon which he places at times such wonderful stress, his measures become comparatively practical and sound. The boundaries for local purposes are to be in Ireland the boundaries for parliamentary purposes, and thus we practically arrive at the conclusion which has been attained in England, and which has given so much satisfaction where Mr. Disraeli's policy threatened much confusion and partisan trickery.

REVENUE OFFICERS AND THEIR VOTES.

The *Pest* ridicules the objection of the Board of Customs that the removal of the electoral disabilities of their officers would lead to the "introduction of political agitation." The exercise of political power always brings difficulties and suspicions to those connected with its exercise; but that has never been considered a sufficient reason for withholding the power; on the contrary, it is often advanced as a reason for giving it, seeing that it forces men to use their wits a little. It may be possible that fresh regulations may have to be made by the departments to secure the proper and forthright exercise of the voting power which should mark the Government official, but as to the propriety of giving the right itself there can be no sort of doubt. The *Daily News* refers to the experience of Mr. Monk's bill in the House of Commons as an illustration of the disorganisation of the present House as an instrument for the transaction of public business. If there was no discussion on the second reading, that was the fault of the Government, who were absent when the bill came on. But it is not so clear as it ought to be that the Government did want discussion, for they declined to grant Mr. Monk a morning sitting, or to afford him any facilities for bringing forward the measure.

EXECUTION OF O'FARRELL.

By the overland mail, just arrived, we have a file of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which gives the following account of the execution of O'Farrell, the would-be assassin of the Duke of Edinburgh:—

"The terrible penalty of the law for the crime committed by the assassin, O'Farrell, upon the person of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, at Clontarf, on the 12th of March, was executed at Darlinghurst gaol yesterday (April 21). Although large crowds of people congregated in the vicinity of the gaol, the utmost decorum and good order prevailed. A large number of gentlemen, including members of the legislature, justices of the peace, and well-known private citizens were admitted into the gaol by order of the sheriff, and when the execution took place there were upwards of a hundred persons present. O'Farrell slept soundly all night, as he has been accustomed to since his incarceration, and up to the last he preserved that cheerfulness of manner that he has exhibited ever since his arrest.

"It is satisfactory to know that within the last few days he several times expressed gladness that the shot fired by him at the Prince did not inflict a mortal wound; and he stated, moreover, that if he were liberated he would not attempt it again, but should consider the life of His Royal Highness sacred. He also gave expression to a feeling of satisfaction that the Duke did not go to New Zealand, as he feared that another attempt upon his life would have been made there.

"O'Farrell rose at about six o'clock in the morning, and, as the hour for his execution approached, he shook hands with the officers of the gaol who had been in attendance upon him, and thanked them for the kindness and consideration with which they had treated him. Between six and seven o'clock he was visited by the Sisters of Mercy, and shortly after they left the Rev. J. Dwyer, Roman Catholic chaplain of the gaol, arrived, and remained some time in conversation with the prisoner. As the sound of the bell

striking nine o'clock died away the two executioners, Elliott and Bull, entered the wing in which the prisoner was confined, and commenced to pinion him. At the termination of this a procession was formed towards the scaffold, which was erected in the usual place, in the corner of the yard near the workshop and kitchen. The prisoner, who walked by the side of the Rev. Mr. Dwyer, was preceded by two of the officers of the gaol, and followed by the sheriff (Mr. Maclean), the governor of the gaol (Mr. Read), the under sheriff, the visiting magistrate, and other officials. The spectators looked in vain upon the face of the culprit for any indication of emotion; but it was observed that his lips moved in response to the prayers which were being offered by his reverend attendant. On arriving at the foot of the drop the prisoner and attendant priest knelt a few moments in prayer, and then O'Farrell rose and mounted with a quick movement—which might almost be called a run—the steps to the scaffold. One of the executioners took hold of his arm with a view to assist him up, but the latter spurned the proffered help, and appeared to regard the touch of the grim functionary as an insult. On reaching the platform the minister of religion offered another short prayer, which was inaudible to the spectators, and then, finally shaking hands with the condemned culprit, left him to his fate. It was confidently expected by many persons that the prisoner would make a statement on the scaffold, but no word did he utter after he had shaken hands with the clergyman. The adjustment of the rope, and drawing the white cap over the unhappy man's head were but the work of a few seconds, and barely had these preparations been made by one of the executioners than the other withdrew the bolt, and O'Farrell dropped dead, his neck having evidently been broken by the sudden jerk. While there was an absence of everything like bravado in the demeanour of the prisoner in the last hour of his life, he met his doom in the most calm, cool, and collected manner. It was evident that he was entirely self-possessed to the last moment.

"Nothing could have been more becoming in a person situated as O'Farrell was, than the manner in which he has conducted himself ever since his arrest. He has given no trouble to the officers of the gaol or to the Government, and he has carefully avoided doing or saying anything that could be construed into an application for a commutation of his sentence."

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